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Johnson

THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

A NEW EDITION,

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

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THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, N. S. or the 7th of September, O. S. 1709. His father's name was Michael Johnson, a man of obscure extraction. He had been born at Cubley, in Derbyshire, and settled as a bookseller in Lichfield, but extended his business by travelling with a portion of his goods to the neighbouring towns on market-days, and particularly to Birmingham. Michael Johnson had a brother named Andrew, who for some years kept at Smithfield the ring appropriated to wrestlers and boxers.

The name of Doctor Johnson's mother was Sarah Ford. She traced her descent from a race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. She was sister to Doctor Joseph Ford, a practising physician. Her brother Dr Ford was father of Cornelius Ford, a clergyman, and chaplain to Lord

Chesterfield. He was usually known in his time by the name of Parson Ford. He is represented near the punch-bowl in Hogarth's print, entitled "Midnight Conversation." He was accounted a man of talents, but of very profligate manners.

The father and mother of Samuel Johnson did not marry at an early period of life. They had only two children, Samuel the eldest, and Nathaniel the second son, who followed his father's employment, and died at 27 or 28 years of age. Michael the father died in December, 1731, at the age of 76; and Sarah the mother in the year 1759, at 89 years of age.

Concerning the father of Johnson, little is known. He was in the year 1718 chosen under bailiff of Lichfield, and in the year 1725 he was elected senior bailiff. His affairs appear to have been unprosperous, and he was said by his son to have been at times afflicted with melancholy. He was a zealous Tory and Jacobite, carried his son Samuel in his arms, when only three years old, to hear the celebrated Dr Sacheverel preach, and was so successful in instilling his notions into the mind of his child, that they were never surmounted by him during his future days.

Samuel Johnson was grievously afflicted in his infancy with the scrophula, the scars produced by which deformed his features during life. At that time the ancient opinion was not eradicated, that the royal touch could cure this cruel distemper. Johnson was carried by his mother, at three years of age, to London, and was actually touched by Queen Anne, but without success. In addition to the deformity which the disease produced, it

rendered him blind of one eye, considerably impaired his sense of hearing, and, in all probability, produced some other peculiarities in his appearance and temper which will be afterwards noticed.

Johnson began to learn English under a widow called Oliver, who kept a school in Lichfield. His next teacher in the same language was always mentioned by him under the familiar appellation of Tom Brown. This master published a Spelling Book, and pomposely dedicated it "To the Uni-"verse." Johnson began to learn Latin under Mr Hawkins, the usher of the free school of Lichfield; and in two years came to be under the care of Mr Hunter, the head master, a respectable teacher, but whom Johnson represented as unduly severe. Among Johnson's school-fellows with whom he contracted an intimacy, were Dr James, inventor of the celebrated powder, Mr Lowe, canon of Windsor, Dr Taylor, rector of Ashbourne, and Mr Hector, surgeon in Birmingham. Johnson when a boy soon became large and bulky, but stout in his person. He was so extremely near-sighted, that he could enter into few of the sports of his companions; and this defect affected him to such a degree through life, that he admitted he had never seen "the human face divine;" and probably, therefore, comprehended inaccurately the whole import of the expression. He was indolent in his habits both of mind and body, but was a good scholar; and this circumstance, or rather, perhaps, his bodily strength, which was uncommon, made him be respected by his companions, some of whom afterwards related, that frequently three of them in the morning carried him to school.

But the only bodily amusements in which he was remembered to have engaged was that of being drawn upon the ice by a boy bare-footed, who pulled him by a cord or garter fixed round his body. The intellectual amusement of which he first became fond was that of reading the wild romances of chivalry, a taste which he retained at a very advanced age.

In 1725, when fifteen years of age, Johnson was sent on a visit to his cousin Cornelius, commonly called in the gay world Parson Ford, already mentioned. With him Johnson resided several months, receiving assistance from Mr Ford in the study of the classics. The general rule of study given to Johnson by his cousin, who knew the world well, was this: "Obtain," said Ford, "some general "principles of every science: he who can talk "only on one subject, or act only in one depart-"ment, is seldom wanted, and perhaps never wish-"ed for; while the man of general knowledge can "often benefit, and always please." This counsel appears to have been abundantly acceptable to the inclination of Johnson, and he pursued it at an early as well as a late period, by a great extent of miscellaneous reading. His early inclination for the pleasures to be obtained by reading will not appear wonderful, when it is considered that he not only possessed the germ of high talents, but that, by his bodily defects, he was in some degree cut off from the amusements of youth; and, in addition to this, that he was totally destitute of that great source of pleasure and of idleness, called a musical ear.

By the advice of Cornelius Ford, Johnson was

removed to the school of Stourbridge in Worcestershire, of which Mr Wentworth was teacher. Here Johnson acted as a sort of assistant in teaching the younger boys. After remaining at Stourbridge little more than a year, he returned home, and continued to pursue his studies by reading irregularly a great variety of ancient authors. While at school, he had already given several proofs of poetical talents, particularly in translations from the classics. After remaining at home during two years, Mr Andrew Corbet, a gentleman of Shropshire, engaged him to assist his son in his studies at the university of Oxford. Accordingly, on the 31st of October, 1728, Johnson and young Corbet were entered at Pembroke College, Corbet as a gentleman commoner, and Johnson as a commoner. Johnson's father accompanied him to Oxford, and found means to obtain for him an introduction to Mr Jordan, the college tutor. Dr Adams, who was afterwards tutor of the same college, was present on the occasion. They observed that old Johnson was very full of the merits of his son, whose appearance seemed to them strange and uncouth. The young man was modest and silent; he said nothing till a proper opportunity occurred, when he suddenly interfered in the conversation, quoted Macrobius in an apposite manner, and impressed upon his hearers an idea that his reading must have been extensive. He had thus early cultivated those talents for obtaining distinction in conversation which afterwards rendered him remarkable, and the exercise of which formed one of the chief pleasures of his life.

When at college, Johnson is said to have exhi-

bited, at times, a portion of that surly, and, perhaps, unreasonable spirit of independence, which marked, in a certain degree, his future conduct. Sir John Hawkins remarks, that "It was a practice in his time for a servitor, by order of the master, to go round to the rooms of the young men, and, knocking at the door, to inquire if they were within, and if no answer was returned, to report them absent. Johnson could not endure this intrusion, and would frequently be silent, when the utterance of a word would have insured him from censure; and, farther to be revenged for being disturbed when he was as profitably employed as perhaps he could be, would join with others of the young men in the college in hunting, as they called it, the servitor, who was thus diligent in his duty; and thus they did with the noise of pots and candlesticks, singing to the tune of Chevy-Chace, the words in that old ballad,

"To drive the deer with hound and horn," &c.

not seldom to the endangering of the life and limbs of the unfortunate victim."

Notwithstanding such levities, Johnson speedily displayed the superiority of his powers, and, in particular, his talents for Latin versification. His tutor, Mr Jordan, wishing to obtain a full specimen of his powers in this way, required him, as a task, or punishment for some irregularity, to prepare, during the Christmas holidays, a Latin translation of Pope's Messiah: this he performed in such a style as secured to him the estimation of his college, and even the respect of the whole university.

The poem was printed by his father without his knowledge. Pope is said to have expressed great admiration of it, saying that it would remain a doubt in future times whether the Latin or the English version was the original.

In two years after he entered the university, Johnson's salary ceased, in consequence of the departure of Corbet, whose studies he assisted. He still remained however at college, but in extremely straitened circumstances. He wished to study law, but he knew not the means of bringing himself forward in the common law; and to entitle him to practise civil law, a long course of academical study was necessary, to which his finances were inadequate. He appears to have remained at college till his poverty excited commiseration. Judging like the rest of the world, he considered poverty as disgraceful. A pair of new shoes, of which he was notoriously in want, were at one time placed at the door of his apartment; but on discovering this act of charity, he cast them away with indignation. He maintained an external appearance of gaiety, and amused circles of his fellow-students with his conversation: but he afterwards admitted, that these delusive appearances covered much bitterness of heart, on account of the narrow state of his circumstances.

After attending the university three years, Johnson retired to Lichfield. Previous to this period, in 1729, during a college vacation, while at his father's house, at the age of twenty, he was seized with a hypochondriac affection, productive of perpetual fretfulness and irritation, which reduced his mind to a state of dejection that ren-

dered his existence miserable. His distress became so intolerable, that, although such a complaint is always concealed, he was induced to write out in Latin a statement of his case, which he submitted to the consideration of his godfather, Dr Swinfen, physician in Lichfield. This gentleman admired so much the elegant and forcible Latin style in which Johnson described his unhappiness, that he imprudently communicated the case to several persons, an indiscretion which Johnson could never fully forgive. Indeed the injury was of a serious nature, on account of the contemptuous light in which mankind are apt to view this sort of distress, which is seldom experienced by those engaged in active life.—During his attendance on the university, Dr Johnson also suddenly, on perusing the work, entitled "Law's Serious Call to the Un-"converted," became of a very pious disposition, a character which never afterwards forsook him.

Soon after the return of Johnson from the university, his father, Michael Johnson, died, in December, 1731, leaving to his eldest son, then twenty-two years of age, a patrimony of no more than twenty pounds sterling. His situation, as a young man educated to no professional employment, was now extremely discouraging. His first effort to support himself consisted of accepting the employment of usher of a grammar-school at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire. He resided in the house of Sir Woolsten Dixie, the patron of the school, probably as a sort of domestic chaplain; but he soon left the place in disgust, and afterwards spoke of it with abhorrence. Being now totally unoccupied, he was invited in 1733,

by his former school-fellow, Mr Hector, surgeon in Birmingham, to reside as his guest at the house of Mr Warren, a bookseller there. In this situation, Johnson executed what may be considered as his first literary work, being a translation from the French of a Voyage to Abyssinia, written by Jerome Lobo, a Portuguese missionary, who travelled to the source of that branch of the Nile (the shortest branch) which Mr Bruce afterwards visited. Johnson received only five guineas for his translation, which appears to possess no peculiar merit. It is not unlikely, that the translation of this work may have suggested to Johnson the idea of fixing in Abyssinia the birth-place of his hero in the romance of Rasselas, which he afterwards wrote.

Johnson resided six months with Mr Hector at Birmingham, after which he continued some time in the house of a person named Jarvis, probably a relation of his future wife. He returned to Lichfield in 1734, and in August thereafter he published proposals for printing by subscription the Latin poems of Politian, a work which, from want of encouragement, never appeared. During the same year, he addressed from Birmingham to Mr Edward Cave, the proprietor and editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, an offer to supply that work with original poems and dissertations; but it does not appear that any thing was done in consequence of his proposal.

There is every reason to believe, that Johnson never formed any criminal connection with the female sex. In the 28th year of his [illegible] that is in the year 1734, he entered into th[illegible] state-

The widow of Mr Porter, a mercer in Birmingham, admired his talents, and an intimacy between them ended in a marriage. She possessed the sum of 800l. sterling, which to a man entirely dependent, without prospects, and absolutely worth nothing, was undoubtedly of no small importance. She was in her 48th year at the date of the marriage. She had a daughter and two sons; but for the sake of a young husband, she was prevailed with to desert them. The marriage ceremony was performed at Derby, and the bride and bridegroom set out for Birmingham on horseback. Johnson gave to Mr Boswell the following account of their journey:—"She had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end: I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not mistake; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

Johnson was aware that his wife's money could not render him independent; but to turn it to the best advantage, he resolved to become teacher of an academy. He was encouraged to this undertaking by Mr Gilbert Walmsley, register of the ecclesiastical court at Lichfield; and in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1736 is the following adver-

tisement: "At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staf-"fordshire, young Gentlemen are boarded and "taught the Latin and Greek languages, by "Samuel Johnson."—At the place alluded to, Johnson had taken and furnished a house. Mr Walmsley had procured for him, as pupils, the celebrated Mr David Garrick and his brother George; but the utmost number of his pupils did not exceed seven or eight. Johnson persevered for some time in the plan of becoming master of an academy; and it seems probable, that he wasted his wife's property in that undertaking. Being at last convinced that it was unlikely to succeed, or possessing no means of persisting farther in the enterprize, he resolved to try his fortune in London. It is worthy of notice, that his pupil David Garrick went thither at the same time, with an intention to follow the profession of the law. Johnson, while teacher of an academy, appears to have written great part of his tragedy of Irene; and the prospect of bringing it before the public seems to have been one object of his journey. He was recommended to Mr Colson, an eminent mathematician and master of an academy, by the following letter from Mr Walmsley:

"*To the Rev. Mr* COLSON.

"DEAR SIR, Lichfield, March 2, 1737.

"I HAD the favour of yours, and am extremely obliged to you; but I cannot say I had a greater affection for you upon it than I had before, being long since so much endeared to you, as well by an

early friendship, as by your many excellent and valuable qualifications; and had I a son of my own, it would be my ambition, instead of sending him to the university, to dispose of him as this young gentleman is. He and another neighbour of mine, one Mr Samuel Johnson, set out this morning for London together. Davy Garrick is to be with you early the next week, and Mr Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should any way lie in your way, I doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman.

"G. WALMSLEY."

To understand Johnson's chances of success in London, it is necessary to attend not merely to his literary talents, but to his personal appearance. He possessed such corporeal strength, that when a man at Lichfield sat down in a chair on the side of the stage, which Johnson had procured but had left for a moment, and refused to resign the seat, Johnson seized both the chair and the intruder, and furiously cast them together into the pit. But he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrophula were deeply visible. He wore his own hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind; and he often had seeming convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprize and ridicule. His admirer, Mr Boswell, remarks concerning him, at a later

period of his life, when his reputation was established and he had descended into the vale of years, and consequently when his person would be less attended to, "that his appearance was rendered "strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive "cramps, by the scars of that distemper, which it "was once imagined the royal touch could cure, "and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the "use only of one eye; yet so much does mind "govern, and even supply the deficiency of or-"gans, that his visual perceptions, as far as they "extended, were uncommonly quick and accu-"rate. So morbid was his temperament, that he "never knew the natural joy of a free and vigor-"ous use of his limbs. When he walked, it was "like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when "he rode, he had no command or direction of his "horse, but was carried as if in a balloon."

Johnson was considered by some of his friends as affected with the distemper called St Vitus's dance; but Sir Joshua Reynolds was of a different opinion, and gave the following account of the matter in a letter to Mr Boswell: "Those motions or "tricks of Dr Johnson are improperly called con-"vulsions. He could sit motionless when he was "told so to do, as well as any other man. My "opinion is, that it proceeded from a habit which "he had indulged himself in, of accompanying "his thoughts with certain untoward actions, and "those actions always appeared to me as if they "were meant to reprobate some part of his past "conduct. Whenever he was not engaged in "conversation, such thoughts were sure to rush

" into his mind; and for this reason any company, " any employment whatever, he preferred to being " alone. The great business of his life (he said) " was to escape from himself: this disposition he " considered as the disease of his mind, which " nothing cured but company. One instance " of his absence, and particularly as it is charac- " teristic of the man, may be worth relating. " When he and I took a journey together into the " west, we visited the late Mr Banks of Dorset- " shire. The conversation turning upon pictures, " which Johnson could not well see, he retired to " a corner of the room, stretching out his right " leg as far as he could reach before him; then " bringing up his left leg, and stretching his right " still farther on. The old gentleman observing " him, went up to him, and in a very courteous " manner assured him, that though it was a new " house, the flooring was perfectly safe. The " Doctor started from his reverie, like a person " waked out of his sleep, but spoke not a word."

When it is considered how much mankind are influenced by appearances or personal address, and that Johnson had been educated to no profession whereby he might render himself necessary to the interests of individuals, it will not appear surprising that he remained long in obscurity, or rather, perhaps, it may seem wonderful that any energy of talents could enable him ultimately to emerge into public view. How he employed himself at his first entrance into London is not known. He was noticed, however, by the Hon. Henry Hersey, who had been previously quartered at Lichfield as an officer of the army. Johnson was so

grateful for the attention which he received at this period, when he most wanted it, that not long before his death, he thus described his early friend: "Henry Hervey was a vicious man, but very "kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall "love him."

At this time Johnson once more addressed himself to Mr Cave, the proprietor and editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, offering his assistance towards conducting it; and his proposals appear to have been accepted. In 1737, the 28th year of his age, he returned to Lichfield to bring his wife to London; and while residing there for three months, he completed his tragedy of Irene, which had not been previously finished. On his return to London he solicited Mr Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury-Lane theatre, to have it acted at his house, but without success. He was engaged, however, by Mr Cave, as an assistant in conducting the Gentleman's Magazine, and for many years this was his only regular fund of subsistence. The first performance in the Gentleman's Magazine which he ever acknowledged, is a Latin ode to the editor, who assumed the name of Mr URBAN.

While acting as a subordinate writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, Johnson formed an acquaintance with Savage the poet. Both of them were in extreme distress, and both of them were men of talents, two circumstances sufficient to account for the extraordinary friendship which very speedily united them. In other respects, they were men of very different characters. Savage was a handsome man, of a very polished external appearance,

but not scrupulous in his morals. Johnson was in every respect the reverse of all this. Still, however, the points of resemblance in their talents and calamities were sufficient to unite them, more especially as Savage, who had associated with the first wits and statesmen of his time, could gratify the curiosity of Johnson by explaining the characters and conduct of a race of men whom he had never seen, but whose distinguished situation in the world necessarily rendered them objects of curiosity. Sir John Hawkins says, that during their intimacy a short separation took place between Johnson and his wife. Savage and Johnson were sometimes in such extreme indigence, that they wandered whole nights in the streets, because they could not pay for a lodging. In one of these nocturnal rambles, when their distress was almost incredible, so far were they from being depressed by their situation, that, in high spirits, and brimful of patriotism, they traversed St James's-Square for several hours, inveighed against the minister; and, as Johnson said in ridicule of himself and his companion, "resolved that they would stand by their "country."

In May 1738, Johnson published his *London, a poem*, written in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal. It has been generally said that he offered it to several booksellers, none of whom would purchase it. Mr Cave at last communicated it to Dodsley, who had taste enough to perceive its uncommon merit, and thought it "credit-"able to be concerned with it." Dodsley gave him ten pounds for the copy. It is remarkable that it came out in the same morning with Pope's

Satire, entitled "1738." One of its warmest patrons was General Oglethorpe. Pope also was so struck with its merit, that he sought to discover the author, and prophesied his future fame. "He will," said he, "soon be *deterré*." This poem procured reputation to Johnson; but as it did not improve his situation, he offered himself a candidate for the mastership of the school at Appleby, in Leicestershire. The statutes of the school required, that the person elected should be a Master of Arts. Johnson had been under the necessity of leaving the university without a degree. To remove this objection, Lord Gower, at the request of Mr Pope, (who knew nothing of Johnson but from his poem) applied to a friend of Dean Swift, requesting the interference of the latter to procure for Johnson that degree from the university of Dublin; but Dr Swift appears to have declined to interfere in the matter, and thus the project failed. Johnson was therefore compelled to persevere in the only course of life which remained open to him, that of writing for bread in the service of the booksellers. He published various small pieces; but his employment as a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine was that upon which he chiefly depended. One of his small pieces was called the "Marmor Norfolciense; or an Essay "on an Ancient Prophetical Inscription, in "monkish rhyme, lately discovered near Lynne, "in Norfolk, by Probus Britannicus." In this performance he, in a feigned inscription supposed to have been found in Norfolk, the county of Sir Robert Walpole, then the obnoxious prime minister of this country, inveighs against the Bruns-

wick succession, and the measures of government consequent upon it. To this supposed prophecy he added a commentary, making each expression apply to the times, with warm anti-Hanoverian zeal.—During the same year, the Lord Chamberlain having prohibited the representation of a tragedy, written by Henry Brook, called "Gustavus "Vasa," Johnson attacked his Lordship's conduct in an essay, ironically entitled, "A Vindication "of the Licenser of the Stage from the Malicious "and Scandalous Aspersions of Mr Brook."

During his engagement with Mr Cave as a writer for the Gentleman's Magazine, Parliament thought fit to restrain, in a severe degree, the liberty of the press with regard to the publication of the speeches, which at that time, under the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, were extremely violent. Mr Cave knew that the popularity of his Magazine would be injured by the want of the Parliamentary Debates; he therefore adopted the following whimsical device: In his magazine for June 1738, he informed his readers that the British Parliament would no longer suffer their debates to be printed, but, instead of them, he was resolved to fill his pages with a work no less entertaining, which, though it had long been in existence, was never laid before the public, viz. The Debates of the Senate of *Magna Liliputia*, which were intended to be an appendix to Gulliver's Travels. Mr Cave, by his interest with the doorkeepers and others about the Houses of Parliament, usually obtained a list of the speakers on both sides, with some of the arguments which they used. These being taken by persons whom Cave

sent for the purpose, were brought home, and digested into the form of a debate carried on by the Senators of Lilliput. The speeches were first digested, or rather fabricated, by Guthrie the historian; but this department was afterwards allotted to Johnson. That the public might be at no loss about the names of the speakers, lists were at different times published of Christian names and barbarous names, which it was pretended were synonymous, and thus a key was given to this part of the work. Johnson wrote the speeches from the 19th of November, 1740, till January 23, 1742-3; from that time they were written by Hawkesworth to the year 1760. The elegance of diction and splendour of illustration which Johnson bestowed upon his speakers, rendered the Gentleman's Magazine at this time extremely popular. The speeches were considered by the public as genuine, and led Voltaire to make the remark, that the eloquence of the British Parliament surpassed that of Greece and Rome. Mr Murphy observes: "That Johnson was the author of the "debates during that period was not generally "known, but the secret transpired several years "afterwards, and was avowed by himself on the "following occasion: Mr Wedderburne, (now "Lord Loughborough) Dr Johnson, Dr Francis, "(the translator of Horace). Mr Murphy, and "others, dined with the late Mr Foote. An im-"portant debate towards the end of Sir Robert "Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr "Francis observed, 'That Mr Pitt's speech on "that occasion was the best he had ever read.' "He added, that he had employed eight years of

" his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finish-
" ed a translation of that celebrated orator, with
" all the decorations of style and language within
" the reach of his capacity; but he had met with
" nothing equal to the speech above-mentioned.
" Many of the company remembered the debates,
" and some passages were cited with the approba-
" tion and applause of all present. During the
" ardour of conversation, Johnson remained silent.
" As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, he
" opened with these words: 'That speech I
" wrote in a garret in Exeter Street.' The com-
" pany was struck dumb with astonishment. After
" staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr Fran-
" cis asked, 'How that speech could be written
" by him.' 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'I wrote it in
" Exeter-Street. I never had been in the gallery
" of the House of Commons but once. Cave had
" interest with the door-keepers. He and the
" other persons employed under him gained ad-
" mittance: they brought away the subject of dis-
" cussion, the names of the speakers, the side they
" took, and the order in which they rose, together
" with notes of the arguments advanced in the
" course of the debate. The whole was after-
" wards communicated to me, and I composed the
" speeches in the form which they now have in
" the Parliamentary debates.' To this discovery
" Dr Francis made answer, 'Then, Sir, you have
" exceeded Demosthenes himself; for to say that
" you have exceeded Francis's Demosthenes,
" would be saying nothing.' The rest of the
" company bestowed lavish encomiums on John-
" son: one in particular praised his impartiality,

" observing that he dealt out reason and eloquence " with an equal hand to both parties. ' That is " not quite true,' said Johnson ; ' I saved appear- " ances tolerably well, but I took care that the " Whig dogs should not have the best of it."

In the year 1742, that is in the thirty-third year of his age, Johnson was employed by Mr Thomas Osborne, bookseller in Gray's Inn, who had purchased the Earl of Oxford's library for 13,000 l. to write a catalogue of the books, containing short descriptions of each. It appears that Osborne, on one occasion, insolently complained that Johnson mispent his time in reading the books, and, in an altercation that followed, gave him the lie in direct terms. Johnson was in truth in no better situation than that of a day-labourer under Osborne; but his mind was unsubdued by his condition, and his temper was ferocious when irritated by contempt: he resented the insult by instant corporeal chastisement. The story was often repeated with many embellishments: it was said that he seized a folio in Osborne's shop, knocked him down, and set his foot upon the fallen bookseller's neck. When Mr Boswell, many years afterwards, inquired at himself concerning the fact, Johnson said, " Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat " him; but it was not in his shop—it was in " my own chamber." The quarrel did not stop the work, as not only the proposals for printing the catalogue after it was completed, but the part of the catalogue undertaken by Johnson, were entirely written by him.

In the year 1744, Johnson published the life of his former associate, Richard Savage. The sin-

gular nature of this man's history, together with the interesting light in which the talents of Johnson exhibited his misfortunes to the public, rendered the work extremely popular, and procured for Johnson himself a great accession of reputation. Still, however, Johnson was near the thirty-fifth year of his age, that is, he had passed half his days, and he was yet in the depth of poverty. He held no place or station in society, and enjoyed not the means of earning a secure and regular subsistence. He appears to have been at all times fully sensible of the unfortunate nature of his condition, in being bred to no regular profession. Being under the necessity of regarding the precarious employment of an author as his only means of procuring subsistence, he formed innumerable projects of publications; to the execution of the most of which no steps were taken, from want of encouragement or certainty of success, and they served only at times to illuminate with a ray of hope the passing hour, and were afterwards forgotten. Sir John Hawkins, however, has preserved a list of thirty-nine of these literary projects of Johnson, but of which none were written. In 1745, however, Johnson published a pamphlet, entitled, "Miscellaneous Observations on the "Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir "Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakespeare; to "which is affixed, Proposals for a new edition of "Shakespeare, with a specimen, 8vo." This proposal obtained at the time no attention from the public; but Warburton, in the preface to his Shakespeare, published two years thereafter, noticed it in the following terms; "As to all those

" things which have been published under the " titles of Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c. " on Shakespeare (if you except some critical " notes on Macbeth, given as a specimen of a pro- " jected edition, and written, as appears, by a man " of parts and genius), the rest are absolutely be- " low a serious notice." Johnson always expressed himself as grateful for this compliment paid him by Warburton. " He praised me," said he, " at a time when praise was of value to me."

It is one of the greatest moral advantages possessed by modern times, that, independent altogether of the patronage of statesmen, or the good or bad management of public institutions, a body of commercial men are at all times interested in the prosperity and diffusion of literature. The booksellers of London had become sensible of Johnson's merit, and proposed to him to prepare a Dictionary of the English language. Mr Dodsley, together with Mr Charles Hitch, Mr Andrew Millar, the two Mess. Longman, and the two Mess. Knapton, entered into an agreement with him for its execution. The stipulated price was 1575 l. to account of which partial payments were to be made. In 1747, Johnson published " The Plan of a Dic- " tionary of the English Language, addressed to " the Right Honourable Philip Dormer, Earl of " Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's Secretaries of " State." The way in which it came to be inscribed to Chesterfield was this: " I had ne- " glected," said he, " to write it by the time ap- " pointed. Dodsley suggested a desire to have it " addressed to Lord Chesterfield; I laid hold of " this as a pretext for delay, that it might be bet-

" ter done, and let Dodsley have his desire." His Lordship was accordingly informed of what was intended, and as he was ambitious of literary distinction, was much pleased with the compliment paid to him, and expressed himself very favourably with regard to the project. Johnson was greatly flattered by the hope of obtaining the patronage of a man so highly distinguished both in the political and the fashionable world as Lord Chesterfield, and entertained sanguine hopes that better days were about to open upon him. But Chesterfield, however accomplished, was of a character too hollow and selfish to endure the independent spirit which Johnson always exhibited in his conversation, and he was also, in all probability, disgusted by Johnson's personal appearance. After a few visits, Johnson found himself coldly received. He was left waiting a full hour in an anti-chamber, till a gentleman should retire and leave his Lordship at leisure. He at length saw the gentleman withdraw, and observing that it was the celebrated Colley Cibber, he left Lord Chesterfield's house in indignation, and never returned; nor did Lord Chesterfield take the trouble to make any inquiry concerning him. Johnson was grievously mortified by this termination of his hope of patronage, and could never forgive his Lordship.

By his engagement to write the Dictionary, Johnson considered himself as having attained to a regular income for some time. He therefore hired a house in Gough-Square, Fleet-Street. He fitted up an upper room after the manner of a counting-house, and employed six amanuenses there in transcribing; five of whom were natives

of North Briton: Mr M'Bean, author of "A "System of Ancient Geography," &c. Mr Shiels, the principal collector and digester of the materials for the "Lives of the Poets, 1753," to which the name of Mr Theo. Cibber is prefixed; Mr Stewart, son of Mr George Stewart, bookseller in Edinburgh; and a Mr Maitland. The sixth was Mr Peyton, a French master, who published some elementary tracts. The words, partly taken from other dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down, with spaces left between them, Johnson delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black lead pencil, the traces of which could easily be effaced.

Johnson did not withdraw himself from other literary efforts in consequence of his having undertaken to prepare a dictionary. In January 1749, he published, when in the fortieth year of his age, "The Vanity of Human Wishes, being the Tenth "Satire of Juvenal imitated." His friend and former pupil, the celebrated David Garrick, being now manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, agreed to bring upon the stage his tragedy of Irene. Dr Adams, who had for some time been Johnson's college tutor, was present the first night of the representation, and gave Mr Boswell the following account of the reception of the play. "Before "the curtain drew up, there were cat-calls whis- "tling, which alarmed Johnson's friends. The "prologue, which was written by himself in a "manly strain, soothed the audience; and the

" play went off tolerably well, till it came to the " conclusion, when Mrs Pritchard, the heroine of " the piece, was to be strangled on the stage, and " was to speak two lines with the bow-string round " her neck. The audience cried out, 'Murder! " Murder!' She several times attempted to " speak, but in vain. At last she was obliged to " go off the stage alive" This passage was afterwards struck out, and she was carried off to be put to death behind the scenes, as the play now has it. The play did not succeed; but Garrick's zeal carried it through during nine nights, so that the author received the profits of three nights, and Mr Dodsley gave him 100 l. for the copy-right.

By this time the celebrity of Johnson, in consequence of his poems and his Life of Savage, was very considerable, and his acquaintance was courted. In 1749 he established, or at least became member, of a club which met in Ivy-Lane every Tuesday evening for conversation. The members of this society were Samuel Johnson, Dr Salter, (father of the late master of the Charter-house) Dr Hawkesworth, Mr Ryland, a merchant, Mr Payne, a bookseller in Paternoster-row, Mr Samuel Dyer, a learned young man, Dr William M'Ghee, a Scottish physician, Dr Edward Barker, a young physician, Dr Bathurst, another young physician, and Sir John Hawkins. Speedily after the institution of this club, and while preparing his dictionary, Johnson began his great moral work entitled "The Rambler." The first paper was published on the 20th of March, 1750, and was continued every Tuesday and Friday till the 17th of March, 1752. The whole papers are his own,

excepting five, viz. No. 10, No. 30. No. 97, No. 44, and No. 100. These were supplied by Mrs Chapone, Mrs Talbot Richardson, and Miss Carter. The work was not popular. Never more than 500 copies of any number were sold; yet the bookseller had the merit of persisting, although his trade must have been unprofitable, as he paid two guineas to the author for each number. But Johnson ultimately had the satisfaction to see ten large editions of it published in London before his death.—While the numbers were published in single papers in London, an edition of the same papers was progressively carried on at Edinburgh by Mr James Elphinston.

The publication of The Rambler must be considered as an æra of considerable importance, not merely in the life of Dr Johnson, but in British literature. On entering upon the undertaking, the author wrote and offered up the following prayer: "Almighty God, the giver of all good things, "without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and "without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, "I beseech thee, that in this undertaking, thy "Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but "that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation "of myself and others: Grant this, O Lord, for "the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen."—The work was conducted in a manner suitable to the temper of mind with which it was begun, and fixed the author's character with the world as a pious and a virtuous man, while at the same time it afforded an opportunity of displaying the energy of his powers. The style in which it was written was the most highly finished, and most beautifully

embellished, of that sort which gives to prose the dignified cadence and all the ornaments of poetry, without the fetters of measured lines. It instantly gave rise to a multitude of imitators, among whom the distinguished historians Gibbon and Robertson have been numbered. It is said, that the good taste of Johnson led him to disapprove of the application to history of an artificial and splendid form of diction, which he himself had adopted for the purpose pf inculcating, in a pleasing form, the truths of morality upon the minds of men. That elaborate style probably attained its highest perfection in the political writings afterwards published anonymously under the name of the Letters of Junius. It had the effect of diffusing very generally a more careful mode of writing than was formerly adopted, while, on the other hand, the general fondness for physical studies which has been introduced of late years, has tended to correct its redundancies, and to restore to the public ear a taste for simplicity.

While Johnson was engaged in publishing the Rambler, and preparing his Dictionary, one Lauder, who had been a Scottish schoolmaster, contrived to impose a singular forgery upon him and his friends of the Ivy Club, which afterwards made some noise. Lauder was a zealous Jacobite, and hated the memory of Milton, as an enemy to royalty. To injure the memory of that great poet, Lauder collected from several Latin poets, such as Masenius the Jesuit, Staphorstius a Dutch divine, Beza, and others, all such passages as bore any kind of resemblance to different places in the Paradise Lost; and these he published from time

to time in the Gentleman's Magazine, with occasional interpolations of lines which he himself translated from Milton. The public credulity swallowed all with eagerness; and Milton was supposed to have been guilty of plagiarism from inferior modern writers. The fraud succeeded so well, that Lauder collected the whole into a volume, and advertised it under the title of "An "Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the "Moderns in his Paradise Lost, dedicated to the "Universities of Oxford and Cambridge." The proof sheets of the book were read at the Ivy Club; and as the members did not possess the books from which Lauder pretended to make extracts, they swallowed the accusation as others had done. Johnson's political sentiments probably led him to be pleased with the supposed discovery, which degraded a notorious enemy of monarchy, and he wrote the preface to Lauder's work. The end of the whole was, that the Rev. Dr Douglas, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, prompted by curiosity, compared the parallel passages in Paradise Lost and in the books quoted by Lauder. He immediately discovered, that in a pretended quotation from Staphorstius, Lauder had interpolated eight lines taken from a Latin translation of the Paradise Lost by one Hogeus or Hog, and opposed them to the passage in the original, as evidence of Milton's plagiarism from Staphorstius. Having made this discovery, Dr Douglas was led to examine the rest of Lauder's quotations, and found them equally false. Having made these discoveries, he communicated them to the public in a pamphlet, entitled, "Milton Vindicated from

" the Charge of Plagiarism brought against him " by Mr Lauder, 8vo, 1750." Lauder being thus convicted of gross falsehood, Johnson drew up in 1757 a letter of recantation, addressed to Dr Douglas, which he prevailed with Lauder to subscribe; but the latter afterwards thought fit to recant his recantation.

In 1752 Johnson's wife died. The disparity between the age of the parties has been already mentioned, and her person is said to have been abundantly homely. She has also been accused of a disposition to thoughtless extravagance amidst the embarrassments under which her husband laboured, and the appearance of his clothes and linen at all times demonstrated that her domestic management was of the worst sort. Yet Johnson appears to have lamented her loss deeply; and such was the affectionate tendency of his character, and the firm manner in which he retained every impression, that during life he cherished her memory.

As the Dictionary drew towards a close, Lord Chesterfield became anxious to obtain the honour of its being dedicated to himself. This was known to have been originally the intention of the author and of the proprietors of the work; but his Lordship began to be apprehensive least his own neglect of Johnson might have occasioned a change of purpose. He therefore solicited a reconciliation, and wrote two essays in " The World" in praise of the work. The booksellers also wished the Dictionary to be addressed to his Lordship; but Johnson resisted every proposal of reconcilia-

tion, and, to put an end to the matter, wrote to Lord Chesterfield the following letter:

"*To the Right Hon. the* EARL *of* CHESTERFIELD.

"MY LORD,

"I HAVE been lately informed by the Proprietors of The World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the Great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge. When upon some slight encouragement I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur au vainqueur de le la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess—I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to hear his all neglected, be it ever so little.—Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward room, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one

act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. The Shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks: Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it—till I am solitary, and cannot impart it—till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.—Having carried on my work thus far, with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself, with so much exultation,

"My Lord,
"Your Lordship's most humble,
"And most obedient servant,
"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Concerning Lord Chesterfield's two papers in The World, recommending his Dictionary, Johnson said to Garrick, "I have sailed a long and "painful voyage round the world of the English "language; and does he now send out his two

"cock-boats to tow me into harbour."—Previous to the publication of the Dictionary, it was thought of importance that Johnson should obtain the degree of Master of Arts. It was conferred upon him by the university of Oxford on 10th Feb. 1755. At length, in May 1755, in the forty-sixth year of Johnson's age, his Dictionary, with a Grammar and History of the English Language, was published in two volumes folio. Mr Millar, who was principal proprietor of the work, had found many difficulties in urging Johnson forward with the laborious task of compilation. On receiving the last sheet of manuscript, he sent the following acknowledgment: "Andrew Millar sends his com-"pliments to Mr Samuel Johnson, with the mo-"ney for the last sheet of copy of the Dictionary, "and thanks God he has done with him."—To which Johnson returned this good-humoured and brief answer: "Samuel Johnson returns his com-"pliments to Mr Andrew Millar, and is very glad "to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew "Millar has the grace to thank God for any "thing."

Industry is always an advantageous basis on which to rear a fabric of literary fame. All are willing to acknowledge its value, because it is a sort of merit in which few are emulous to excel. The learned received Johnson's Dictionary with unbounded approbation, and readily applauded the labour of an individual who had been able to accomplish such a task. It was found, on minute inspection, that the author had sometimes [illegible] his toil by introducing his prejudi-

into the midst of his philological labours. Thus he had given the following definitions in his Dictionary:

Pension.—An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

Pensioner.—1. One who is supported by an allowance paid at the will of another, a dependent.

2. A slave of State, hired by a stipend to obey his orders.

"In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
"And one more pensioner St Stephen gains."
POPE.

Oats.—A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

Excise.—A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

Whig.—The name of a faction, &c.

Johnson, in all probability, inserted such definitions in his Dictionary from mere levity, and without being aware that at a future period they might rise up in remembrance against him. Men of letters, at a distance from the world, are apt in this way to forget their connection with it, and that the sentiments which they heedlessly express may wound the feelings of individuals, whose regard, at a future period, they might wish to conciliate,

or against whom, at least, they might wish to avoid the suspicion of having entertained any enmity.

Although the Rambler and the Dictionary exalted the reputation of Johnson above all his rivals in literary fame, they produced, for a time, no other beneficial effects. Before the Dictionary was finished, he had spent its stipulated price, and he was still left to struggle for subsistence by future literary efforts; and accordingly he continued to write Dedications, Prologues, or Prefaces, for other authors, or to give assistance to periodical publications, particularly to one, entitled "The "Literary Magazine and Universal Review." He assisted Hawkesworth in the publication of the "Adventurer," and wrote sermons for indolent divines. While in this situation, he received under his protection Mrs Anna Williams, a blind lady, the daughter of Mr Zechariah Williams, who had attempted, without success, to gain the prize offered by Parliament for ascertaining the longitude at sea, by an exact theory of the variation of the magnetical needle. Notwithstanding this liberality, however, Johnson's circumstances were so narrow, that on the 16th of March, 1756, he addressed the following letter to Mr Richardson, author of Clarissa, &c.

"Sir,

"I am obliged to entreat your assistance. I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr Millar.

If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Gough-Square, 16th March."

On the margin of this letter, there is a memorandum in these words: "March 16, 1756, Sent "Six Guineas. Witness, William Richardson." During the same year, Johnson published an abridgement of his Dictionary, in two volumes octavo. In 1757 the Ivy-Lane Club was dissolved by the dispersion of the members. In the mean while Johnson had formed an intimacy with Bennet Langton, Esq. and the father of that gentleman offered Johnson a living of considerable value in Lincolnshire, on condition that he would take orders. He refused to do so, although this undoubtedly seemed the most rational plan that could be formed for his future life. He appears to have been influenced partly by scrupulous considerations about the laborious nature of the duty of a conscientious clergyman. His other motives are unknown. In the year 1756 he had resumed his proposal for a new edition of Shakespeare. On the 15th of April, 1758, he began his new periodical production, "The Idler," the last number of which was published April 5, 1760. Upon the profits of the Idler, and the subscriptions obtained for his Shakespeare, he chiefly subsisted during four or five years. In 1759 he published his "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." He received

100l. for the copy, and 25l. when it came to a second edition. Having obtained some money in this way, he went to Lichfield to visit his mother, now in her last illness; but did not arrive in time to close her eyes. He defrayed with the price of Rasselas the expences of his own journey and of his mother's funeral, and paid some debts that she had incurred. He now found it necessary to retrench his expences. Mrs Williams went into lodgings, and he retired to chambers in the Inner Temple-Lane, where he lived in such poverty, that the late Mr Fitzherbert used to say, that he once paid a morning visit to Johnson, intending to write a letter at his chambers, but, to his surprize, he found an author by profession destitute of pen, ink, and paper.

Thus far Johnson's life had been a scene of perpetual poverty, and his talents had been exerted in a hard and scarcely successful struggle to obtain bread to eat. At length, in the year 1762, that is in the fifty-third year of Johnson's life, at the commencement of the reign of George the Third, his merits stood so high in the estimation of the public, that, without solicitation, a royal pension of 300l. per annum was offered to him. At this time the Earl of Bute was First Lord of the Treasury. Mr Wedderburne, a Scottish advocate, who had removed to England, and ultimately rose to the rank of Lord High Chancellor of England, and was created Lord Loughborough and Earl of Roslin, is supposed to have been the first proposer of the measure. He was autho[illegible] by the minister to intimate to Johnson the [illegible] tions of Government in his favour. Th[illegible]

were both Scotsmen; and it was at that period, and in the age which preceded it, accounted in Scotland so much the duty and the highest honour of men of rank to patronize literary talents, that it is not wonderful they should have thought themselves bound to raise above poverty a man of such distinguished abilities. Johnson had indeed always treated the Scottish nation with much abuse, because they refused to assent to the doctrines of the Church of England, and were zealously attached to the succession of the House of Hanover to the British throne; but the men who now extended their protection to him possessed too much good sense to attend to these peculiarities, and regarded only the merit of the object of their generosity.

Mr Wedderburne was well acquainted with Johnson. He knew the proud spirit of independence which he had maintained in adversity, and he had no doubt heard of the downfal of Osborne the Bookseller. He judged it prudent, therefore, to direct Mr Arthur Murphy to acquaint Johnson with his Majesty's intentions. Johnson, after a long pause, desired to know if the intimation was serious; and afterwards said he would conside the matter till the following day. In the mean while he consulted Sir Joshua Reynolds upon th subject. Johnson felt himself ensnared by his id abuse of the Scots and the House of Hanov which he had often uttered in conversation, and the definition of the words Pension and Pensi er, which he had given thoughtlessly, and perh petulantly, when writing his Dictionary, and co dering himself as an obscure individual, conne

only with booksellers. He satisfied himself, however, that as the pension was gratuitously given, he fell not under his own odious definition; and Sir Joshua Reynolds having concurred in the same opinion, he was conducted by Mr Wedderburne to the Earl of Bute. Johnson expressed his sense of his Majesty's bounty, and that he thought himself the more highly honoured as the favour was not bestowed on him for having dipped his pen in faction. "No, Sir," said Lord Bute, "it is not "offered to you for having dipped your pen in "faction, nor with a design that you ever should." Either before or after this interview, on receiving the first payment of his pension. Johnson addressed to the Earl of Bute the following letter:

"*To the Right Honourable the* EARL *of* BUTE.

"MY LORD,

"WHEN the bills were yesterday delivered to me by Mr Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favours which his Majesty has, by your Lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

"Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed: Your Lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred your favours on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness; you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

"What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, not be reproachfully enjoyed: I shall endeavour to give your Lordship the only recompense which your generosity desires—the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed.

"I am, my Lord,
"Your Lordship's most obliged,
"Most obedient, and most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON.

"July 20, 1762."

Johnson afterwards addressed to the Earl of Bute the following letter:

"*To the Right Honourable the* EARL *of* BUTE.

"MY LORD,

"THAT generosity by which I was recommended to the favour of his Majesty will not be offended at a solicitation necessary to make that favour permanent and effectual.

"The pension appointed to be paid me at Michaelmas, I have not received, and know not where or from whom I am to ask it. I beg, therefore, that your Lordship will be pleased to supply Mr Wedderburne with such directions as may be necessary, which I believe his friendship will think it no trouble to convey to me. To interrupt your Lordship at a time like this, with such petty difficulties, is improper and unseasonable; but your knowledge of the world has long since taught you, that every man's affairs, however little, are

important to himself. Every man hopes that he shall escape neglect; and, with reason, may every man, whose vices do not preclude his claims, expect favour from that beneficence which has been extended to,

" My Lord,
" Your Lordship's most obliged,
" And most humble servant,
" SAM. JOHNSON.

" Temple-Lane, Nov. 3, 1762."

Although Johnson's pension was undoubtedly very honourable to those who bestowed, and to him who received it, yet it did not fail to hold him out as a mark to suspicion and calumny. He had accepted a favour from two Scotsmen, and submitted to hold a character which he had previously condemned. Some thought themselves more entitled to royal favour, and others recollected his political opinions and sentiments of the reigning family. By some he was censured as an apostate, and by others ridiculed for becoming a pensioner. Mr Wilkes, in his " North Briton," supplied himself with arguments against the minister for rewarding a Tory and a Jacobite; and Churchill satirized his political versatility with the most poignant severity.

" How to all principles untrue,
" Not fixed to old friends, nor to new:
" He damns the pension which he takes,
" And loves the Stuart he forsakes."

Johnson being now in possession of a regular income, removed to a house in Johnson's-Court, Fleet-Street. Mrs Williams removed thither, and lived under his protection; and one Dr Levet, a low practitioner in medicine, in needy circumstances, paid daily visits, living in a great measure upon his bounty, and was at last received into his family. Johnson also had recourse for amusement to a literary club, which met in Gerard-Street, Soho, on every Tuesday evening through the year. The original members were, besides himself, the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr Nugent, Dr Goldsmith, the late Mr Topham Beauclerk, Mr Langton, Mr Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, and some others. Many others were afterwards added, as Charles J. Fox, Garrick, Boswell, &c.

As Johnson seldom laboured with regular assiduity, his edition of Shakespeare was so long delayed, that the subscribers despaired of seeing it. In 1765, however, he at last published it. On the 23d of July, of the same year, the University of Dublin voluntarily, and without solicitation, conferred on him the degree of L. L. D.—During that year also, he was enabled to form an important addition to the list of his friends, in consequence of being introduced to the acquaintance of Mr Henry Thrale, member of Parliament for Southwark, and one of the most eminent porter-brewers in England. It appears that Johnson's pension had added little to the happiness of his life. Being less urgently pressed by want, and no longer under the constant necessity of occupying himself in the service of booksellers, his mind prey-

ed upon itself, and he began to sink under that melancholy which was inherent in his constitution, and which the efforts of a powerful mind constantly occupied in literature, or in society, had alone enabled him to surmount. Mr and Mrs Thrale having visited him in 1766, learned, that, along with Dr Delap, rector of Lewis, in Sussex, he was employed in earnest prayer to God, that his rational faculties might be preserved entire. They commiserated the condition of a man of distinguished talents, reduced by natural infirmity into such a state of unhappiness, and took him along with them to their house at Streatham. From that time Dr Johnson became a constant resident in their family for sixteen or seventeen years.

Mr Thrale is represented as having possessed the plain and manly manners of an English squire. He had been regularly educated at Oxford, was a good scholar, a man of sound understanding, and well acquainted with trade, which he conducted with success. Mrs Thrale, afterwards Mrs Piozzi, possessed lively talents, improved by education. Their house at Streatham was frequented by a constant succession of polite society, into the midst of which Johnson was now transplanted. Undoubtedly the opulent citizen, who thus received into his house, and under his protection, the most eminent moral writer, and the most distinguished man of letters of his time, acting partly from humanity, and partly that himself and his friends might enjoy the pleasure and instruction to be derived from the conversation of such a companion, did himself the highest honour, and must

be admitted to have merited the riches of which he so well knew how to make a liberal use. Johnson was treated in the family of Mr Thrale with unbounded kindness and respect. He accompanied them in all their summer excursions, to Brighthelmstone, to Wales, and to Paris.

Johnson's reputation had now risen so high, that it excited the curiosity of the King. Johnson being acquainted with Mr Barnard, the Librarian at the Queen's House, frequently resorted thither, and spent some hours in reading. His Majesty, having learned this circumstance, desired that he might be informed when Johnson came next to the Library. As the conversation which took place made some noise at the time, we shall here state the account of it given by Mr Boswell, on the authority of Johnson himself. "When he "came to the Library, as soon as he was fairly en- "gaged with a book, on which, while he sat by "the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr Barnard "stole round to the apartment where the King "was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's com- "mands, mentioned that Dr Johnson was then in "the Library. His Majesty said he was at lei- "sure, and would go to him. Upon which, Mr "Barnard took one of the candles that stood on "the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through "a suite of rooms, till they came to a private "door into the Library, of which his Majesty had "the key. Being entered, Mr Barnard stepped "forward hastily to Dr Johnson, who was still in "a profound study, and whispered him, 'Sir, "here is the King.' Johnson started up, and "stood still. His Majesty approached him, and

"at once was courteously easy. His Majesty be-
"gan by observing, that he understood he came
"sometimes to the Library: and then mentioning
"his having heard that the Doctor had been
"lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond
"of going thither? To which Johnson answered,
"that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford
"sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back
"again. The King then asked him what they
"were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he
"could not much recommend their diligence, but
"that in some respects they were mended, for
"they had put their press under better regula-
"tions, and were at that time printing Polybius.
"He was then asked, whether there were better li-
"braries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered,
"he believed the Bodleian was larger than any
"they had at Cambridge, at the same time add-
"ing, 'I hope, whether we have more books or
"not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make
"as good use of them as they do.' Being asked,
"whether All Souls or Christ Church library was
"the largest, he answered, 'All Souls is the
"largest we have, except the Bodleian.' 'Ay,'
"said the King, 'that is the public library.' His
"Majesty inquired if he was then writing any
"thing. He answered, he was not; for he had
"pretty well told the world what he knew, and
"must now read to acquire more knowledge.
"The king, as it should seem, with a view to
"urge him to rely on his own stores, as an ori-
"ginal writer, and to continue his labours, then
"said, 'I do not think you borrow much from
"any body.' Johnson said, he thought he had

" already done his part as a writer. ' I should " have thought so too,' said the king, ' if you " had not written so well.'—Johnson observed to " me upon this, that ' no man could have paid a " handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a King " to pay. It was decisive.' When asked by an- " other friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds', whether " he made any reply to this high compliment, he an- " swered, ' No, Sir; when the King had said it, it " was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civi- " lities with my Sovereign.' Perhaps no man, " who had spent his whole life in Courts, could " have shewn a more nice and dignified sense of " true politeness, than Johnson did in this sen- " tence.

" His Majesty having observed to him, that he " supposed he must have read a great deal. " Johnson answered, that he thought more than " he read; that he had read a great deal in the " early part of his life, but having fallen into ill " health, he had not been able to read much, " compared with others: for instance, he said he " had not read much compared with Dr Warbur- " ton. Upon which the King said, he heard Dr " Warburton was a man of such general know- " ledge, that you could scarce talk with him on " any subject on which he was not qualified to " speak; and that his learning resembled Gar- " rick's acting in its universality. His Majesty " then talked of the controversy between War- " burton and Louth, which he seemed to have " read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. " Johnson answered, ' Warburton has more gene- " ral, most scholastic learning; Louth is the

" more correct scholar. I do not know which of " them calls names best.' The King was pleased " to say he was of the same opinion, adding, " 'You don't think, then, Dr Johnson, that there " was much argument in the case?' Johnson " said, he did not think that there was. 'Why, " truly,' said the King, 'when once it comes to " calling names, argument is pretty well at an " end.' His Majesty then asked him what he " thought of Lord Lyttleton's History, which was " then just published. Johnson said, he thought " his style pretty good, but that he had blamed " Henry the Second rather too much. 'Why,' " said the King, 'they seldom do these things by " halves.' 'No, Sir,' answered Johnson, 'not " to kings.' But fearing to be misunderstood, he " proceeded to explain himself, and immediately " subjoined, 'That for those who spoke worse " of kings than they deserved, he could find no " excuse; but that he could more easily conceive " how some might speak better of them than they " deserved, without any ill intention, for as kings " had much in their power to give, those who " were favoured by them would frequently, from " gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and as this " proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly " excusable, as far as error could be excusable.'

" The King then asked him what he thought " of Dr Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an " ingenious man, but had no veracity; and imme- " diately mentioned an instance of it, an assertion " of that writer, that he had seen objects magni- " fied to a much greater degree by using three or " four microscopes at a time than by using one.

"'Now,' added Johnson, 'every one acquainted "with microscopes knows, that the more of them "he looks through, the less the object will appear.' "'Why,' replied the King, 'this is not only "telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for, "if that be the case, every one who can look "through a microscope will be able to detect him.' "'I now,' said Johnson to his friends, when re- "lating what had passed, 'began to consider that "I was depreciating this man in the estimation of "his Sovereign, and thought it was time for me "to say something that might be more favour- "able.' He added, therefore, that Dr Hill was "notwithstanding a very curious observer; and "if he would have been contented to tell the "world no more than he knew, he might have "been a very considerable man, and needed not "to have recourse to such mean expedients to "raise his reputation. The King then talked of "literary journals, mentioned particularly the "*Journal des Savans*, and asked Johnson if it was "well done. Johnson said it was formerly very "well done, and gave some account of the persons "who first began it, and carried it on for some "years, enlarging, at the same time, on the nature "and use of such works. The King asked him "if it was well done now. Johnson said, he had "no reason to think that it was. The King then "asked him if there were any other literary jour- "nals published in this kingdom, except the "Monthly and Critical Reviews; and on being "answered there were no other, his Majesty asked "which of them was the best. Johnson answer- "ed, that the Monthly Review was done with

"most care, the Critical upon the best principles; "adding, that the authors of the Monthly Re- "view were enemies to the Church. This the "King said he was sorry to hear. The conver- "sation next turned on the Philosophical Trans- "actions, when Johnson observed that they had "now a better method of arranging their mate- "rials than formerly. 'Ay,' said the King, "'they are obliged to Dr Johnson for that;' for "his Majesty had heard and remembered the cir- "cumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot. "His Majesty expressed a desire to have the liter- "ary biography of this country ably executed, "and proposed to Dr Johnson to undertake it. "Johnson signified his readiness to comply with "his Majesty's wishes. During the whole of this "interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with "profound respect, but still in his firm, manly "manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in "that subdued tone which is commonly used at "the levee, and in the drawing-room. After the "King withdrew, Johnson shewed himself highly "pleased with his Majesty's conversation and "gracious behaviour. He said to Mr Barnard, "'Sir, they may talk of the King as they will, "but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen.' "And he afterwards observed to Mr Langton, "'Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentle- "man as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth, "or Charles the Second."

Johnson seems now for some time to have rested from his labours. As literary efforts were no longer requisite for his subsistence, he was satisfied with the enjoyment of the luxury and ease of

polished life, which he enjoyed in the house of Mr Thrale, and with associating occasionally with men of letters in London. His talents were again called into action in a few years, in a way that probably proved not very grateful to his feelings; but his temper was too proud, and his manners, when he thought fit, were so repulsive, that he was never interrogated or brought to explain himself to his friends upon the subject. Notwithstanding the liberal form in which Johnson's pension had been originally conferred, yet as it existed only during pleasure, future administrations appear to have considered him as dependent upon their bounty. After the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, he had avoided interfering with the disputes of contending factions, and would, in all probability, have accounted it more consistent with the dignity of his character to have done so for ever; but during the rude attacks which they sustained from Junius, and at the commencement of the American war, administration demanded the assistance of his pen, though in what particular form the requisition was made is not known. In 1770, on occasion of the dispute with Wilkes, who had been elected member for Middlesex, after being expelled from the House of Commons, he published a pamphlet, entitled "The False "Alarm," in defence of the ministry and their majority who voted Colonel Luttrell duly elected, although he had very few votes in the county, a vote which was afterwards ordered by the House to be expunged from their journals. In 1771, Johnson published another pamphlet, entitled, "Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting

"Falkland Islands." Here he defended the conduct of the ministry in avoiding a Spanish war after the Spaniards had attacked a British smuggling settlement at these islands, situated on the coast of South America. He attacked, in this pamphlet, with the utmost bitterness, the anonymous author of the letters bearing the signature of Junius. At this time, Mr Strahan, the King's printer, who was himself a member of the House of Commons, suggested to administration, that they might derive advantage from bringing Johnson into Parliament. Johnson himself was well inclined to the measure; but the negociation did not succeed. Lord North, who was undoubtedly a man of sense and discernment, probably suspected that the vehemence of Johnson's temper might render him an unmanageable auxiliary; and as he had not been educated to the profession of the law, his assistance could be of little value in conducting the detail of ordinary business.

In 1773 Johnson made his Tour to the Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, along with Mr James Boswell; but he did not publish his account of it till 1775. This work made much noise at the time. It is undoubtedly written with great elegance, and contains many pleasing and valuable remarks; but in other respects it is of little importance. Considered as an account of the country, it is a meagre work. Johnson was indeed an unfit person for such an undertaking. Of agriculture or manufactures, of antiquities or mineralogy, he knew little or nothing. Of the beauties of nature or of art he could be no judge, because the defects of his sight disabled him from

perceiving them. He could only report with fidelity therefore the reflections of his own mind, the conversations at which he was present, or the inconveniencies of travelling in a rugged country, which, to a man who had spent his days in the midst of London, must have been very great. As an example how destitute Johnson was of that sort of general knowledge which is necessary to enable a traveller to make rational or instructive remarks on the state or general appearance of a country, it is sufficient to notice his censure of the Scots on account of the scarcity of plantations in their country, which he marvellously exaggerates.—"Plantation," says he, "is the least expensive "of all methods of improvement. To drop a seed "into the ground can cost nothing, and the trou-"ble is not great of protecting the young plant "till it is out of danger; though it must be allow-"ed to have some difficulty in places like these, "where they have neither woods for palisades, nor "thorns for hedges."—Alas! Johnson was totally ignorant of the nature of the operation of which he talks thus easily, and of the expence and difficulties attending it. He did not consider that, in the first place, a total loss must be incurred for many years of the whole rent of the land intended to be planted. To drop a seed into the earth is not the way to rear a forest. There must be the previous apparatus of a nursery and nurserymen, to bring the plants to a state which may fit them to be planted out in the field. No palisade or paling of wood is capable of resisting the blast that sweeps along the face of a Scottish mountain. This was tried, a few years ago, at the height of

two or three hundred feet above the level country, with most substantial pailings, upon Arthur's Seat; but in the morning that succeeded the first boisterous night, the fragments were seen scattered in every direction. A hedge is an imperfect fence against the active race of Scottish sheep, whose wool cankers the young plants, and whose activity enables them to overleap every ordinary bulwark. Even when the most substantial and costly stone fence has been reared, the price of which forms a heavy expence upon the proprietor, it is overleaped by the hares, which destroy the young trees during frost by feeding upon their bark; and when the snows of winter are drifted against the sides of the fence, an easy path is afforded to the famished sheep, which walk over, and in a night destroy the labour of years—It was scarcely possible to display more ignorance or error, in a single sentence, than was done by Johnson in the passage above quoted.

After all, however, it would appear that the Scots were more angry than was necessary, on account of the representation given by Johnson of the nakedness of their country. It ought to be remembered, that the agriculture of Scotland had not in these days become, as it now is, superior to that of our English neighbours; neither was the country as yet covered with those numerous plantations which now adorn its surface, while they ameliorate the climate. But the Scots, being the weakest and poorest of the two nations that inhabit the island, were jealous of the honour of their country, and Johnson had undoubtedly surveyed it under the influence of un-

favourable prejudices. Its ancient trees were few; but they were not so few as he represented them. Its natural beauties were numerous; but he either could not discern, or was unwilling to report them.

In the mean while, between the date of his Tour, and the period of its publication, Johnson, in the service of administration, published, in 1774, on the eve of a general election, a pamphlet, entitled, "The "Patriot, addressed to the Electors of Great Bri-"tain." In 1775 he published another pamphlet, entitled, "Taxation no Tyranny, an An-"swer to the Resolutions and Address of the "American Congress." This pamphlet affords a specimen of the sophistry by which the leaders of the nation at that time supported the claims of the British Parliament, to the possession of absolute power over the property and the lives of the inhabitants of North America, and animated the people to engage in a sanguinary contest, or rather civil war, in support of these claims. Johnson's principal arguments were, that the colonists were indefeasibly British subjects, created into corporations by charters from the crown; that they could possess no rights not conferred by these charters; and even, that the charters might be recalled by Parliament if judged inconsistent with the general interests of the empire. He contended, that though, like other incorporations, they might make bye-laws, these must still be subject to the review of Parliament. He alleged, with regard to the claim of the British Parliament to tax America, that though not represented in that Parliament, the Americans had no better right to complain of the want of representation than Manchester, and

other towns, to which the elective franchise had never been extended; and that, though not actually, the Americans must be held to be virtually represented by the members elected in England. All this is now admitted to be abundantly absurd. It is now perceived, when in some degree too late, that the imperial government of England was radically defective so far as it did not provide means for extending the system of representation in proportion as the empire extended. This defect has been partially remedied by the treaties of union with Scotland and Ireland. Had provision been made at an earlier period for the extension of the system of representative, but united legislation, over new territories acquired or settled by the people of England, the difficulties, which at all times attended the management of Ireland, would never have occurred, and the nations that are of British descent, and that speak our language, might long have remained subject to the same laws. But Johnson ought not rashly to be considered, in his political writings, and particularly in that last mentioned, as a mere tool of administration, or as a pensioner according to his own definition of the word: he uniformly entertained high notions of monarchical right, and a veneration for established authority. The arguments which he urged seemed rational to the age in which he lived; for, with the great majority of the British nation, the American war was undoubtedly very popular.

In his Tour to the Hebrides, Dr Johnson had denied the authenticity of the alleged translation from the Erse of the Poems of Ossian, by Mr

Macpherson, and contended that Ossian was a fictitious poet, and Mr Macpherson an original author. That singular work, at the period alluded to, was a general subject of literary discussion. A boy of fourteen years of age, the unfortunate Chatterton, had a few years before produced to the world a number of poems, which he had written in an ancient style. He entitled them the Poems of Rowley, and told a story about an accident by which they had been discovered. The antiquarians, and other men of letters of England, (including, it is believed, some bishops) were completely imposed upon. They considered the poems as genuine relicks of antiquity, and as written in the style of a different age. When at last the truth was discovered, instead of generously admiring and cherishing the powerful mind which had enabled an infant to execute such a work; and instead of applauding the sagacity which enabled an unprotected boy, of mean parentage, to select, with dexterity, the best mode of bringing himself into public notice, these wise men, mortified by the recollection of their own credulity, assailed the unhappy youth with the bitterest malignity, accused him, in rude and brutal terms, of imposture and falsehood, and so harassed and persecuted him, that in despair he destroyed himself; and thus, in all probability, one of the most vigorous minds that ever England produced was cruelly crushed in the very entrance of life. It is now much suspected that Macpherson had done something similar. He was of poor parentage in the north of Scotland, and had published a poem which nobody noticed. With the assistance of

the fragments of traditionary songs and poems, which the natives of the Highlands were accustomed to sing or recite, he prepared and published a regular work, in what may be considered as blank verse, of a different measure from that formerly used. He called it a translation of the poems of an ancient bard, whose name was familiar to the people in the Highlands. By using the names of traditionary heroes, and ascribing to them adventures consistent with ancient songs or traditions, and inserting in his works actual translations of striking passages and known verses, the people of that country were deceived into a belief that the whole was entitled to the character of a genuine translation. The tendency to this belief was augmented by peculiar circumstances attending their situation. Macpherson thought fit, in describing the heroes of a rude age, to impute to them all the generous and elevated sentiments to which the progress of civilization has given birth. The heroes of Greece and Rome were barbarians when compared with the chiefs whom Ossian celebrates. But at the period at which Macpherson published the first part of his work, the Highlands of Scotland had recently fallen under the reproach of disloyalty. Their inhabitants were become, by the progress of the English tongue, a sort of secondary race, whose very language was passing away, and whose difference of speech or dialect only served to subject them to disadvantages in the wealthier parts of the empire, where alone it was possible to pursue fortune with success. The Highlanders of all ranks being a race of enterprising men, who were continually pouring down upon the richer

provinces in quest of wealth, witnessed, with inconceivable delight, the publication of the poems of Ossian. These poems represented the ancestors of the Gael, or Highlanders, as a race of civilized and generous warriors, possessing a more valuable character than belonged to the progenitors of any people recorded in history. Their patriotism was flattered by the illusion, and they probably conceived that their interests were not a little favoured by the distinction thus conferred upon them. They gratefully caressed and patronised Macpherson, as a man whose labours had rescued from the hazard of oblivion the poems of the chief of their bards, and along with them the renowned acts of their forefathers. Macpherson became bolder by encouragement, published more poems of Ossian, with less anxiety about introducing into them passages from traditionary songs. In the mean while, as his countrymen had received the whole as genuine translations, he found himself under the necessity of standing by them, and of countenancing a notion, upon which, as a basis, the fabric of his own fortune must rest. But many of the English men of letters, less disposed to faith in Ossian than their northern neighbours, assailed Mr Macpherson with the same bitterness with which they had attacked the unprotected Chatterton. Among the rest Johnson, in his Tour, insensible of Macpherson's merits, accused him, in unqualified terms, of deceit and imposture. Macpherson, offended by the harshness of his language, wrote to Johnson, in a style which, like that of Johnson himself upon this subject, was very different from that which ought to be appro-

priated to literary contest. It is said that Macpherson went so far as to threaten Johnson with personal violence; but his letter has not been preserved. Johnson returned the following answer:

"*Mr* JAMES MACPHERSON.

"I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel, and what I cannot do myself the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture: I think it an imposture still. For this opinion, I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not formidable; and what I hear of your morals, inclines me to pay regard, not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

No consequences resulted from the blustering correspondence of these men of letters. In 1775, Johnson received from the university of Oxford the degree of L. L. D. During the same year he accompanied Mr Thrale's family on a tour to Paris. He took notes of the events which occurred on his journey, and the remarks he made, but produced no work upon the subject. In 1776, he removed

from Johnson's-Court to a larger house, No. 8, Bolt-Court, Fleet-Street. Here, in the intervals of his residence at Streatham, he sat every morning receiving visits, and hearing the topics of the day, and indolently trifling away the time. Sometimes, to the most intimate of his friends, such as Dr Burney, Mr Hoole, Mr Murphy, Mr Davies, Mr Baretti, Mr Boswell, Mr Langton, &c. he gave not inelegant dinners. Superficial experiments in chemistry also afforded him some amusement. In Gough-Square, and in Johnson's-Court, he had an apparatus for that purpose. A room in the ground floor was assigned to Miss Williams, and his library, of about 5000 volumes, was kept above stairs. Mr Levet likewise lived with him. An apartment was also allotted to Mrs Desmoulins, daughter of his godfather, Dr Swinfen, and widow of Mr Desmoulins, a writing-master, and her daughter, a Miss Carmichael. He allowed Mrs Desmoulins half-a-guinea a week, which was about a twelfth part of his pension. "It seems," says Mrs Piozzi, "at once vexatious "and comical to reflect, that the dissensions those "people chose to live in distressed and mortified "him exceedingly. He really was oftentimes "afraid of going home, because he was sure to be "met at the door with numberless complaints; "and he used frequently to lament pathetically to "me and to Mr Sastres, the Italian master, who "was much his favourite, that they made his life "miserable, from the impossibility he found of "making theirs happy; when every favour he "bestowed on one, was wormwood to the rest. "If, however, I ventured to blame their ingrati-

"tude, and condemn their conduct, he would instantly set about softening the one, and justifying the other; and finished commonly by telling me, that I knew not to make allowances for situations I never experienced."

In the year 1777, Dr Johnson was extremely anxious to prevent the execution of Dr Dodd, for the crime of forgery, because, though he thought the sentence just, he was apprehensive lest the public spectacle of the punishment of a priest should injure the interests of religion. He wrote for that unhappy man his "Speech to the Recorder of "London," at the Old Bailey, when the sentence of death was about to be pronounced. Johnson also wrote "The Convict's Address to his "Unhappy Brethren," a sermon, delivered by him in the chapel of Newgate; two "Letters," one to Lord Chancellor Bathurst, and one to Lord Mansfield; "A Petition from Dr Dodd to the "King;" "A Petition from Mrs Dodd to the "Queen;" "Observations," in the newspapers, on occasion of Earl Percy's having presented a petition for mercy to Dr Dodd, signed by twenty thousand people; "A Petition from the "City of London;" and Dr Dodd's "Solemn "Declaration," which he left with the Sheriff at the place of execution.

The last of Johnson's literary labours was "The Lives of the English Poets." The London Booksellers had resolved so publish a collection of poetry, in opposition to an edition of the "British Poets," printing at Edinburgh, and sold by Mr Bell at London. To give some advantage to their edition, the London booksellers

requested Johnson to prepare a sort of advertisement to be prefixed to the works of each poet, containing a concise statement of his history, with the dates, so far as they could be procured, of his birth, his death, and his chief literary exertions, together with any remarkable circumstances that were known concerning his history. Johnson undertook, in 1777, to perform this part of the business, and stipulated to receive for his trouble, the sum of 200 l.; but the booksellers afterwards allowed him an additional sum of 100 l. On entering upon the execution of the work, he enlarged his plan, and produced that specimen of biography which has been so generally read and admired. The publication of the edition of the Poets to which the Lives were prefixed, began in 1779, and the whole was completed in 1781, when Johnson was in the 71st year of his age. The uncommon elegance of style in which this work is expressed, as well as the discrimination of character and acuteness of remark which appear in it, fully demonstrate, that the mind of Johnson, though originally placed in a very defective corporeal constitution, was unaffected by years.

After this work, however, his health began to fail in a very great degree, and at the same time, the usual accompaniment of age, the loss of his friends and associates, gradually reminded him of mortality, while it deprived his own life of many comforts. On the 4th of May, 1781, he lost his valuable friend and patron, Mr Thrale, who appointed him one of his Executors, with a legacy of 200 l. He soon found himself becoming a less acceptable visitor than formerly to the

widow of his friend, who, by degrees, learned to form other views of life, and entered once more into the married state. In 1782 he lost his domestic companion, Levet, on whose memory he wrote an interesting elegy, descriptive of the character and fortunes of its object.

In the month of June, 1783, Johnson experienced a paralytic stroke, which affected his speech only. He wrote to Dr Taylor, requesting a visit, and that he would bring along with him Dr Heberden; he also sent for his neighbour Mr Allen, the printer, and Dr Brocklesby. From this illness Johnson soon recovered; and in the month of August he visited at Lichfield Mrs Lucy Porter, the daughter of his wife by her first husband. He also visited Dr Adams at Oxford. During his absence at Heale, the seat of William Bowles, Esq. near Salisbury, Mrs Williams died at his house in London. In March, 1783, Johnson was affected with a dropsy; but the medicines prescribed were so efficacious, that without an operation he was relieved from it, and began to hope that his constitution still retained a considerable degree of vigour. He once more sought amusement in the institution of a Weekly Club, at a house in Essex-Street, kept by an old servant of Mr Thrale. The principal members at the commencement were Mr Daines Barrington, Dr Brocklesby, Mr Murphy, Mr John Nichols, Mr Cooke, Mr Joddrel, Mr Paradise, Dr Horsley, Mr Windham.—In the end of the year 1783, or beginning of 1784, he was seized with a spasmodic asthma, of such violence, that being unable to suffer a recumbent

posture, he was frequently under the necessity of sitting all night in his chair. The gout likewise affected him, and the dropsy returned; but its progress was arrested by medicine. In summer 1784 Johnson went into Derbyshire, and from thence to Lichfield, with some appearance of health. His friends projected for him a retreat to Italy from the severity of the succeeding British winter, but considered his pension of 300l. a-year as too small a fund to support the expences of a travelling valetudinarian. During his absence at Lichfield, having consulted previously on the subject, they endeavoured to procure an augmentation of his pension. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr Boswell solicited the interference of the Lord High Chancellor Thurlow, to whom, while he was at the bar, Johnson had been well known. His Lordship readily consented to use his influence upon the occasion; but, to the no small surprise of all parties, his request was refused. The Lord Chancellor called on Sir Joshua Reynolds, and informed him that his application had not been successful; but after speaking highly of Johnson as a man who was an honour to his country, Lord Thurlow desired Sir Joshua to let him know, that on granting a mortgage of his pension he might draw on his Lordship to the amount of 500l. or 600l. His Lordship explained the meaning of the mortgage to be, that he wished the business to be conducted in such a manner that Dr Johnson should appear to be under the least possible obligation. When this offer was communicated to Johnson, he returned the following answer.

To the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

"MY LORD, "September, 1754.

"After a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the generosity of your Lordship's offer raises in me not less wonder than gratitude. Bounty so liberally bestowed, should I gladly receive, if my condition made it necessary; for to such a mind, who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased God to restore me to so great a measure of health, that should I now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the Continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians: And I was very desirous that your Lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain; for, if I grow much better, I should not be willing, if much worse, not able to migrate. Your Lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you were pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment, and, from your Lordship's kindness, I have received a benefit which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live, *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged, &c.

"Most grateful, and most hu[illegible]

"[illegible]

Johnson likewise refused, for the reasons assigned in this letter, an offer made to him by Dr Brocklesby, of an annuity of 100l. payable quarterly, to enable him to visit the south of France in pursuit of health. He returned on the 16th of March, 1784, to his house in London. His dropsy and asthma returned: he was attended by Dr Heberden, Dr Warren, Dr Brocklesby, Dr Butter, and Mr Cruikshank; he amused his sleepless nights by making translations of Greek epigrams, and composed a Latin epitaph for his father, his mother, and his brother Nathaniel. His fear of death had at all times been great, but in proportion as it approached, the terror of that event seemed to diminish. Seven days before his death, he transmitted to his friend, Mr Nichols, an account, which he had formerly received from Mr Swinton of Oxford, of the authors of the different parts of the ancient Universal History, requesting that it might be deposited in the Museum; which was accordingly done, on the 7th of December. Having recollected a debt of 10l. which he had borrowed twenty years before, and neglected to pay, and one guinea, which he had borrowed thirty years before, he sent money to pay them. Feeling himself swelled with the dropsy, and imagining that the water might be discharged by an incision in his legs, he insisted that it should be made. Mr Cruikshank, apprehensive of a mortification, at first declined to perform the operation; but at length, to appease a distempered fancy, he gently lanced the surface. Johnson cried out, "Deeper, deeper! I want "length of life, and you are afraid of giving me "*pain which* I do not value." On the 8th of

December, the Rev. Mr Strahan wrote Johnson's will, by which, after a few legacies, as he had no near relations, he bestowed his property, amounting to about 1500l. upon Frank, a black servant, who had long remained with him. On Monday the 13th of December, 1784, he once more attempted to obtain relief by puncturing his legs. This was tried at eight in the morning; but no water followed. He afterwards fell into a slumbering state, and about seven in the evening, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, expired without a groan. On the 20th of the same month, amidst a numerous attendance of his friends, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakespeare's monument, and close to the grave of the late Mr Garrick. The pall was borne by Mr Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr Windham, Mr Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr Colman. The funeral service was read by his friend and school-fellow, Dr Taylor. A black marble over his grave has the following inscription:

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.
Obiit xiii die Decembris,
Anno Domini
MDCCLXXXIV.
Ætatis suæ lxxv.

A resolution was afterwards adopted, to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Dr Johnson. A considerable contribution was made for that purpose. But the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's having resolved to admit monuments there, that Cathedral was fixed on as the place in which Johnson's monument should be erected. At the same time, a smaller

was erected in the cathedral of his native city, Lichfield. It consists of a Medallion, with a tablet beneath, on which is this inscription:

"The friends of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D.
A native of Lichfield,
Erected this monument,
As a tribute of respect
To the memory of a man of extensive learning,
A distinguished moral writer, and a sincere Christian.
He died Dec. 13, 1784, aged 75. M."]

The monument erected in St Paul's cathedral cost 1100 guineas. It consists of a colossal figure leaning against a column. The epitaph, which is in Latin, was written by the Rev. Dr Parr, and is in these words:

A ☧ Ω

SAMVELI · IOHNSON
GRAMMATICO · ET · CRITICO
SCRIPTORVM · ANGLICORVM · LITTERATE
PERITO
POETAE · LVMINIBVS · SENTENTIARVM
ET · PONDERIBVS · VERBORVM · ADMIRABILI
MAGISTRO · VIRTVTIS · GRAVISSIMO
HOMINI · OPTIMO · ET · SINGVLARIS · EXEMPLI
QVI · VIXIT · ANN · LXXV · MENS · II. · DIEB · XIII.
DECESSIT · IDIB · DECEMBR · ANN · CHRIST · CIↃ · IↃCC · LXXXIII
SEPVLT · IN · AED · SANCT · PETR · WESTMONASTERIENS.
XIII · KAL · IANVAR · ANN · CHRIST · CIↃ . IↃCC · LXXXV.
AMICI · ET · SODALES · LITTERARII
PECVNIA · CONLATA
H · M · FACIVND · CVRAVER.

On a scroll in his hand are the following words:

ΕΝΜΑΚΑΡΕΣΣΙΠΟΝΩΝΑΝΤΑΞΙΟΣΕΙΗΑΜΟΙΒΗ

On one side of the monument—FACIEBAT JOHANNES BACON SCVLPTOR ANN. CHRIST. M.DCC.LXXXXV.

The death of Dr Johnson excited, in an uncommon degree, the attention of the public, and was followed by a prodigious accumulation of literary honours, in the form of Sermons, Memoirs, Elegies, Lives, Essays, and Anecdotes. A Sermon on the occasion was preached in St Mary's Church, Oxford, before the University, by the Rev. Mr Aguter, of Magdalene College. Among the Histories of his life, may be mentioned, the "Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. "Johnson, by Joseph Towers, L. L. D." His life, by James Boswell, Esq. Anecdotes of Dr Johnson, by Mrs Piozzi. Sir John Hawkins also, and Arthur Murphy, Esq. wrote accounts of his life. Among the poetical productions upon the subject, the most distinguished was "The "Poetical Review of the Moral and Literary Cha- "racter of Dr Johnson," by John Courtney, Esq. M. P. and the Elegy on the death of Dr Johnson by Sam. Hobhouse, Esq.

Having given this concise statement, in the order of time in which they occurred, of the principal events of the life and fortunes of Samuel Johnson, or which attended his death, we shall next take notice of some peculiarities in his character and talents, which are interesting both on account of their influence upon his own happiness or prosperity, and as tending to illustrate the human character in general, by pointing out the singular mixture of ability, and of imperfection, with which it is sometimes endowed.

One of the most striking peculiarities in the character of Johnson was, that tendency towards melancholy, which appears to have arisen out of

his defective physical constitution, and which affected all his sentiments. We have already remarked that religion had much influence over his character: But his piety received a colour from the temperament of his constitution. The Creator of the universe was not contemplated by him as the beneficent author of a system of progressive improvement and felicity, but feared as an awful judge, before whose piercing eye he trembled to appear. Hence, through fear of death, Johnson truly was "all his life-time subject to bon-"dage." His powerful, but gloomy imagination, rendered death often present to his mind, to the destruction of his happiness. Though a jealous examiner of the evidence of ordinary facts, yet his weakness on the side of religion, or where any thing supernatural was supposed to be concerned, rendered him willing to give credit to various notions with which superstition imposes upon the fears and the credulity of mankind. From his Tour to the Hebrides, it appears evident, that the Scottish Highlanders nearly, or perhaps altogether, converted him to a belief in the second sight. In his conversations concerning ghosts, he appears to have been aware of the ridicule attached to credulity; but his actual belief, though enunciated in terms expressive of hesitation, can scarcely be doubted. Boswell reports of him, on one occasion, that when a story of a ghost was told, he expressed his regret that more pains were not taken to inquire into the evidence of it. Miss Seward said, with an incredulous smile, "What, Sir, about a ghost?" Johnson said, with solemn vehemence, "Yes, Madam; this is a question

" which, after four thousand years, is yet un-
" decided; a question, whether in theology or
" philosophy, one of the most important that can
" come before the human understanding." He told Boswell the following story concerning his cousin, Parson Ford, which leaves no doubt concerning the subject. Boswell, having demanded whether there was not a story that Ford's ghost appeared after his decease, Johnson answered thus:
" Sir, it was believed a waiter at the Hummums,
" in which house Ford died, had been absent for
" some time and returned, not knowing that Ford
" was dead. Going down to the cellar, accord-
" ing to the story, he met him. Going down
" again, he met him a second time. When he
" came up, he asked some of the people of the
" house what Ford could be doing there. They
" told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a
" fever, in which he lay for some time. When
" he recovered, he said he had a message to de-
" liver to some woman from Ford; but he was
" not to tell what, or to whom. He walked
" out: he was followed; but somewhere about
" St Paul's they lost him. He came back, and
" said he had delivered the message, and the wo-
" man exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone!'
" Dr Pellet, who was not a credulous man, in-
" quired into the truth of this story; and he
" said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went
" to the Hummums; (it is a place where people get
" themselves cupped) I believe she went with in-
" tention to hear about this story of Ford. As
" for it, they were unwilling to tell her; but after
" they had talked to her, she came away satisfied

"that it was true. To be sure, the man had "a fever; and this vision may have been the be- "ginning of it; but if the message to the "woman, and their behaviour upon it were true, "as related, there was something supernatural. "That rests upon his word; and there it re- "mains."

Johnson's credulity and curiosity upon the subject of ghosts gave an oportunity to Churchill, in his Poem entitled the Ghost, to represent him under the title of Pomposo, as one of the believers in what was called the Cock-lane Ghost. In January, 1762, it was reported, that at a house in Cock-lane, certain noises and other circumstances had occurred, tending to discover the means by which a young woman had been killed, as was supposed, by poison. The agent was a girl, who pretended that the spirit of the deceased appeared to her, and terrified her by noises, by impressions upon her body, and in a variety of other ways. Many persons assembled and put questions to the girl, receiving answers as from the ghost, describing the circumstances of the poisoning, and the ghost promising, by an affirmative signal, that it would attend a particular gentelman into the vault under the Church of St John, Clerkenwell, where the body was deposited, and give a token of its presence by a stroke upon the coffin. The whole story, together with this promise, made much noise, and Johnson was seized with irresistible curiosity to witness the presence of a ghost. Sir John Hawkins says, that Mr Saunders Welch, his intimate friend, would have disuaded him from his purpose, urging that it would expose him to ridi-

cule; but all his arguments had no effect: Johnson went to the house at Cock lane along with Dr Douglas, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, the clergyman of the parish, and various others, and having in their company the person whom the ghost had promised to accompany to the burying vault. The girl having declared that the spirit was present, it was informed that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and the performance of the promise was claimed. The company at one o'clock in the morning went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, together with another, went into the vault, and required the spirit to perform its promise; but no answer was made. The person supposed to be accused by the spirit, together with the rest of the company, afterwards went into the vault; but still nothing happened. Johnson wrote an account of the transaction, which was published in the Gentleman's Magazine. The persons concerned in the imposture being afterwards detected, were prosecuted and punished. The whole affair now seems abundantly foolish; but, at the period alluded to, the whole city of London, and consequently the country at large, was full of this affair; and the singular weakness of Johnson in matters of this sort exposed him to censure for his credulity, and caused his religion to be resolved into superstition.

As Johnson kept a diary, or written record of his thoughts and actions, it is known that he repeatedly offered up prayers for the dead, particularly for his deceased wife; and, from the statements

given of his conversation, there seems reason to suppose that he had little objection to the Popish doctrine of Purgatory. This, however, is undoubtedly to be considered not as the result of any exertion of his understanding on the subject, but as one of the reveries, or fancies, in which his melancholy temperament led him to indulge. Indeed, his veneration for every thing connected with religion was extraordinary: he pulled off his hat when he entered within the walls of the ruinous Roman Catholic churches in Scotland, and he regarded the bishops and dignified clergy of the church of England with great reverence.

It seems probable, however, that Johnson's tendency to melancholy, in consequence of the religious disposition which it produced, was attended with some advantages. Like some other men of strong passions and acute feelings, Johnson was a lover of sensual pleasure. He delighted extremely in a luxurious table, and ate with a degree of voracity which he could not conceal. But though destitute of temperance, on ordinary occasions his mind was sufficiently powerful to enable him to submit to the severest privations. He considered fasting as a religious duty, and practised it often, and with excessive severity. He likewise loved wine; yet, during many years, he abstained entirely from the use of a liquor in which he was liable to indulge to excess. As his constitution was originally defective, it is extremely probable that the excess in eating and drinking, to which he was inclined, must, at an early period, have proved fatal to his health, in consequence of his sedentary habits, or, by aug-

menting the irritability of his frame, might even have brought on that incapacity for the exertion of his intellectual powers, which he always feared. But abstinence proved a substitute for temperance. It enabled him to pass through life with the enjoyment of tolerable health, and to attain, though not to great longevity, at least to a mature age, with the full possession of all his intellectual energies.

We have already mentioned Johnson's early attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart, and the fondness for monarchical principles, which he retained during life. These were naturally supported and fostered by the superstitious tendency of his mind, which led him to the high admiration of whatever seemed ancient and venerable, and gave him a want of hardihood in the exercise of his understanding. His political notions arose also, perhaps, in some degree, from the fervour of his imagination, which led him away from ordinary and present objects, and interested him in the fate of the unfortunate race of our ancient princes. It ought to be recollected, that a still more glowing fancy, without the aid of superstition, produced, at a later period, a similar partiality to the house of Stuart in the mind of the celebrated Scottish poet, Robert Burns.

A considerable degree of narrowness of mind appears through life to have accompanied Johnson. His prejudices against the Scots, the Irish, and the natives of every country but his own, were on all occasions appearing in his conversation, and in some degree sunk him from the character of a moralist and a man of letters, and

gave him a place among the vulgar of every age and country, who think and judge precisely in the same way, and know not that in neighbouring states, in the same age, the measure of human talents differs little.

In his temper Johnson may be considered as having been a proud man, extremely conscious of the talents with which he was endowed. This quality or passion of pride is apt to be fostered in men of letters as much by poverty as by riches. Johnson long struggled with adversity, while at the same time he knew himself to be possessed of intellectual accomplishments, which ought to have elevated him far above many of those who enjoyed the smiles of fortune, and of mankind. This produced in him an inclination to demonstrate with little delicacy, the independence of his mind, and his sense of his own worth, and gave rise to an asperity of manners which, in his more prosperous days, he endeavoured in some degree to abandon, but which often rendered his society unacceptable or disgusting. He not only asserted his opinions in a presumptuous and dictatorial form, but he considered so little the trouble which he gave to others, that he was usually an unwelcome visitor to the mistress of every house. Being fond of tea, and unboundedly sensual in these pleasures in which he ventured to indulge, he drank this liquor in monstrous profusions, and never hesitated in the family of Mr Thrale, or elsewhere, to allow the mistress of the house to remain occupied, till past midnight, in pouring out for him quantities of it in endless succession.

With regard to the learning and talents of John-

son, they ought to be considered according to the forms in which they were displayed or exerted. Of languages he had learned the Latin and Greek, the French and Italian. Of the first of these he was a great master, as appears from his Latin poems, a sort of writing of which he was fond, as Milton and Addison had been, and in which he took great pride. His efforts of this sort, however, being chiefly made in the early part of his life, and not resumed unless rarely, and on occasions of little importance, they afford no test of the degree of perfection to which, by perseverance, he might have carried this species of writing. Johnson was also a good Greek scholar, but was not master of the language in the same degree as of Latin. The two modern tongues already mentioned he understood sufficiently to qualify him for the task of translation. In the walks of science, properly so called, Johnson had made no extensive range. Of the physical sciences he may be considered as having been altogether ignorant. His tour along the eastern coast of Scotland, and thereafter to the Hebrides, returning by Glasgow, afforded him an ample opportunity of displaying his skill in natural history and mineralogy. As he possessed abundance both of capacity and inclination to exhibit in a prominent point of view whatever knowledge he possessed, and as no symptoms of any such knowledge were displayed on the occasion alluded to, we may fairly conclude that it did not exist. We have already mentioned that he possessed a chemical apparatus; but he appears to have used it merely as a toy or play thing. He never attained a sufficient acquaintance with

this interesting branch of science, to lead him to render it one of his topics of conversation; and he merely amused himself with some of the processes of distillation of the essential oils, as practised in the laboratories.

In what may be called the moral sciences, Johnson's studies appear to have been also limited. General History obtained so little of his regard, that we are told by his friend Mr Murphy, that "sooner than hear of the Punic war, he would be "rude to the person that introduced the subject." Still less does he seem to have troubled himself with that branch of the history of nations called their political œconomy, which is little connected with the passions of ambition and the love of glory, and which, although it began to be eagerly investigated in his time, both by British and foreign philosophers, is of a laborious and less amusing cast, than the study of general history, which usually confines itself to the detail of the exploits of warriors, the personal transactions of princes, or the progress of letters. Johnson's favourite subjects of study, or reflection, consisted of metaphysical discussion, moral theory or remarks, systems of religion, biography, and anecdotes concerning literature.

Johnson's talents were exerted, or his knowledge displayed, in two ways—in conversation and in writing. His conversation found so many admirers, and so much of it has been published, that, when added to his publications, it forms a mass of materials such as is seldom obtained for investigating the character of any individual. Judging from these, his general defect seems to have been

that he wanted system, that is, he had never, upon any subject, arranged the result of his reading and reflections into a systematic form, so as to be enabled to discern how far his notions were consistent either with truth or with each other. He had discussed nothing from beginning to end in a regular and complete manner. His religion and his politics were detached ideas, gleaned in his nursery, or, at best, from his college tutor. He adhered to the former, that is to his early religion, tenaciously during life, and does not appear to have possessed, in consequence of his melancholy temperament, sufficient intellectual intrepidity to investigate any part of it by the force of his own understanding This appears obvious, from the rage and horror with which he is said to have been always filled when the slightest symptom of religious incredulity appeared in the mind of any person with whom he conversed. These distempered symptoms could not have exhibited themselves in a man whose belief was founded upon conviction resulting from the investigation of evidence. In like manner, his politics were merely those of education and prejudice. In his political pamphlets are displayed his wonted energy of diction, confidence of averment, and a plausible sophistry; but no general principle is found to bind together his different positions, or to fix them in the mind as derived from fundamental and extensive views of general utility, or of moral duty.

The moral writings of Johnson, especially those contained in his Rambler, are truly valuable. But here also no system appears. His positions, unless at times when a too general mode of expres-

sion is employed, are not erroneous, because he proceeds uniformly upon the general and established truths, that piety to God, and that temperance, fortitude, justice, and benevolence, are the great duties of man. To these principles, which he uniformly held sacred, he rigidly adhered; and thus, to the world at large, his writings are valuable, without an alloy of evil. But men of letters will discern, that each treatise is a separate effort of a powerful mind indeed, but of a mind which had not previously investigated the whole subject, and reduced it into a single systematic point of view. In like manner also, in the conversations of Johnson, it was remarked, that he frequently, and without any contest for victory, differed from himself in opinion upon general subjects, or views of duty and general utility, which could not possibly have happened if his knowledge and reflections had been fully arranged in his own mind.

This want of system in the mind and knowledge of Johnson, was the result of the mode in which he entered life, and carried on his literary exertions. He was under the necessity of occupying his time in writing for bread. He was therefore, like a lawyer, not left to chuse the subjects on which his talents were to be exerted. His employers, the booksellers, having occasion for Prefaces, Dedications, and short Essays, elegantly expressed, introduced him to a detached mode of writing. He possessed not sufficient wealth to enable him to devote years of his life towards the profound investigation, and the systematic discussion of some one branch of science. To write

for his own subsistence, and for the emolument of others, was his regular employment. He therefore cared little about his subject, and uniformly declared, that the acquisition of money was the only motive which could induce him to engage in the labour which it cost. His great work, the Dictionary of the English Language, was evidently a mere speculation of booksellers, in which Johnson was the operative manufacturer; and that it was tardily and reluctantly executed, is sufficiently demonstrated by the compliments which passed between him and Mr Andrew Millar, when the last sheet was sent to the press. The Rambler, so far as has been discovered, was no doubt projected by Johnson himself; but the papers in it were often hurriedly written, upon the spur of the occasion; and there is no reason to doubt that it would never have seen the light, had not the bookseller been regular in advancing the price of the several numbers. The Idler was executed with similar views; and none of these works had a tendency to fix down the mind of Johnson, steadily and deliberately to the detailed systematic consideration of any branch of science. Hence Johnson is a moralist of no school, a circumstance which perhaps has a tendency to render his works more popular. He is neither a Stoic nor a Platonist, but a well-intentioned man, who gives detached essays upon the various duties of life, and enforces his admonitions with sententious energy of diction, and much beauty of illustration.

Johnson is known to have himself projected his edition of Shakespeare; but it was merely a pro-

ject which, like a multitude of others, he formed for the purpose of getting money; and it was not executed till he began to be accused of injustice on account of his not publishing a work for which he had accepted the subscription-money. His Rasselas was professedly written to defray the expence of a journey to his native city, and his Lives of the Poets was a work planned by the booksellers. His Sermons, which he wrote upon commission, and his Dedications and Prologues, written for other authors, were evidently the efforts of a man who engaged in literature merely because it afforded him a pecuniary recompence. In this way, though Johnson was led to exert his talents upon a variety of subjects as a writer, and to acquire extensive information, he was at the same time not only prevented from becoming a systematic writer, but even from adding arrangement and unity to profound reflection upon any branch of science.

Johnson appears to have bestowed no less attention upon the cultivation of his talents for conversation than upon the art of writing. His mode of utterance was full, loud, solemn, and sonorous; and he endeavoured, in his diction, to assume the sententious stile that appears in his works. He was fond of conversation, because disliking, or being incapable of very active bodily exercise, it gave employment to the powers of his mind, and prevented that tendency to prey upon itself, or to sink into dejection, which was apt to haunt his solitary and unoccupied hours. In his conversation, the whole temper and character of Johnson displayed itself. Where he was listened

to with reverence, he was placid and instructive; but on all occasions he was proud, and generally solemn. He was extremely fond of disputation; and as he could never endure to be outdone, he uniformly contended for victory at whatever cost. He did not hesitate, in the strife, to make reason turn traitor to herself, and to support sentiments altogether opposite to what he himself seriously judged to be true and rational. If closely pressed, he had recourse to every effort of ridicule and of sophistry; and rather than admit an error, or seem vanquished, he rose into the most boisterous vehemence of voice and manner, while at the same time he condescended to use the utmost asperity, or even gross rudeness and insolence of language. Garrick, who loved and respected him, called him a *tremendous* companion. Many men of letters avoided the society and conversation of a man who was apt to express difference of opinion in the language of anger or of enmity, who had no respect for the feelings of others, and whose asperity of reproach, or insolence of remark, they were incapable, or unwilling to retort. Johnson, however, found in Burke, Thurlow, Windham, and various others, men of talents, who delighted in colloquial strife like himself, and found him an equal antagonist. He also found a variety of individuals who listened to his words as oracles of wisdom, and reported every sentiment, however trifling, that he uttered. A conversation concerning Johnson by Dr Robertson, the historian, and by Johnson's admirers, Ramsay the painter, Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, sufficiently explains what was thought of Johnson by his friends, *as well* as by impartial persons. It

is thus reported by Boswell: "Before Johnson "came in, we talked a good deal of him. Ram- "say said he had always found him a very polite "man, and that he treated him with great respect, "which he did very sincerely. I said, I wor- "shipped him. ROBERTSON. 'But some of you "spoil him: you should not worship him; you "should worship no man.' BOSWELL. 'I can- "not help worshipping him; he is so much supe- "rior to other men.' ROBERTSON. 'In criti- "cism, and in wit and conversation, he is no "doubt very excellent; but, in other respects, he "is not above other men. He will believe any "thing, and will strenuously defend the most mi- "nute circumstance, connected with the Church "of England.' BOSWELL. 'Believe me, Doc- "tor, you are much mistaken as to this; for "when you talk with him calmly in private, he is "very liberal in his way of thinking.' ROBERT- "SON. 'He and I have been always very gra- "cious. The first time I met with him was one "evening at Strahan's, when he had just had an "unlucky altercation with Adam Smith, to whom "he had been so rough, that Strahan, after Smith "was gone, had remonstrated with him, and told "him that I was coming soon, and that he was "uneasy to think that he might behave in the "same manner to me. 'No, no,' said Johnson; "'I warrant you, Robertson and I shall do very "well.' Accordingly, he was gentle, and good- "humoured, and courteous with me, the whole "evening; and he has been so upon every occa- "sion that we have met since. I have often said, "*(laughing)* that I have been in a great measure

" indebted to Smith for my good reception."
" Boswell. ' His power of reasoning is very
" strong; and he has a peculiar art of drawing
" characters, which is as rare as good portrait
" painting.' Sir Joshua Reynolds. ' He is
" undoubtedly admirable in this; but, in order to
" mark the characters which he draws, he over-
" charges them, and gives people more than they
" really have, whether of good or bad *."

Boswell gives a statement of one of his conversations with Johnson, which may be considered as an illustration of this last remark. " I having " mentioned that I had passed some time with " Rousseau in his wild retreat; and having quoted " some remark made by Mr Wilkes, with whom " I had spent many pleasant hours in Italy, " Johnson said, sarcastically, ' It seems, Sir, you " have kept very good company abroad, Rousseau " and Wilkes.' Thinking it enough to defend one " at a time, I said nothing as to my gay friend, " but answered with a smile, ' My dear Sir, you " don't call Rousseau bad company? Do you " really think *him* a bad man?' Johnson. ' Sir, " if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk " with you: If you mean to be serious, I think " him one of the worst of men, a rascal, who ought " to be hunted out of society, as he has been. " Three or four nations have expelled him; and " it is a shame that he is protected in this coun- " try.' Boswell. ' I don't deny, Sir, that his " novel may perhaps do harm; but I cannot think " his intention was bad.' Johnson. ' Sir, that

* Life of Johnson, by James Boswell, Esq. vol. iii.

"will not do. We cannot prove any man's intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through "the head, and say you intended to miss him; "but the judge will order you to be hanged. An "alleged want of attention, when evil is committed, will not be allowed in a court of justice. "Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would "sooner sign a sentence for his transportation "than that of any felon who has gone from the "Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should "like to have him work in the plantations."

The following description, given in Lord Chesterfield's 212th Letter to his Son, is supposed to be a statement of that Nobleman's opinion of the manners and conversation of Johnson. "There "is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, "and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and "respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to "love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am "in his company. His figure (without being de-"formed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the "common structure of the human body. His "legs and arms are never in the position which, "according to the situation of his body, they "ought to be in, but constantly employed in com-"mitting acts of hostility upon the graces. He "throws any where but down his throat whatever "he means to drink, and only mangles what he "means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards "of social life, he mis-times and mis-places every "thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscrimi-"nately mindless of the rank, character, and situa-"tion of them with whom he disputes; absolutely "ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity "*and respect*, he is exactly the same to his supe-

" riors, his equals, and his inferiors; and there-
" fore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two
" of the three. Is it possible to love such a man?
" No: the utmost I can do for him is, to consi-
" der him as a respectable Hottentot." It must be remarked, however, that Johnson himself denied that this character could be a description of him, because he said Lord Chesterfield never in his life saw him eat; but the public opinion upon the subject could not originate without the existence of some degree of coincidence between his manners and the description here given.

Towards the latter end of Johnson's life, when prosperity began to smile upon him, and an opportunity was afforded him, particularly in the house of Mr Thrale, of mixing with polite society, he himself began to attempt to soften the asperity of his own manners, and to endeavour to mix with the world upon terms of ease and equality. He possessed too much good taste and discernment, not to perceive the advantages conferred upon their possessors by polished manners, and by that self-command which avoids every assumption of superiority, or appearance of selfishness, and seems only occupied in attempting to contribute to the happiness or the accommodation of others. He never was entirely successful, however, in his endeavours to imitate the manners which he was probably too late of having seen. His friend, Mr Murphy, remarks, that " He certainly wished to be polite,
" and even thought himself so; but his civility
" still retained something uncouth and harsh; his
" manners took a milder tone, but the endeavour
" was too palpably seen. He laboured even in

"trifles: he was a giant gaining *a purchase* to lift "a feather."

In consequence of the popularity of Johnson's writings, and the admiration in which he was held, an immense multitude of his sayings and remarks in conversation have been published. As might have been expected, from the indiscriminate manner in which these collections were made, they in general contain little that is either very pointed or instructive. In conversation with his humble admirers, Johnson could not well be profound or learned, because he was not stimulated by equally energetic and independent minds; and we have no statement of his colloquial contests with Burke or with Thurlow, and much less with Charles Fox, who, though he associated with Johnson, took no delight, like him, in rendering conversation a field for the exertion of eloquence. Even if we possessed the detail of such conversations, they would probably exhibit more rapidity than depth of thought, because, though the conversation of men of equal talents affords a happy mode of correcting errors, or refuting opinions rashly adopted, yet profound wisdom, and originality of thought, must be attained by patient meditation, and seldom come as the result of momentary and spontaneous impulse.

Of the sayings of Johnson, the merit of many has been acknowledged by the public, by finding their way into the memory of all persons; or into these repositories of extemporaneous wit, the ordinary jest books. After the example of the great father of biography, Plutarch, we shall here recite a few of them. Some of them are of a

pointed and ludicrous nature, and others consist of remarks expressive of his own reflections and character. It is well known, that the Scottish nation afforded to Johnson a general topic of attack, and several of his ludicrous remarks relate to that people. Boswell has recorded, that Mr Ogilvy, a Scottish clergyman, having remarked, "that "Scotland had a great many noble wild pros-"pects." JOHNSON. "I believe, Sir, you have "a great many: Norway, too, has noble wild "prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for pro-"digious noble wild prospects; but, Sir, let me "tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotch-"man ever saw, is the high-road that leads him to "England." Mr Arthur Lee mentioned some Scotch who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should chuse it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, all barrenness "is comparative: the *Scotch* would not know it "to be barren." BOSWELL. "Come, come; he "is flattering the English. You have now been in "Scotland, Sir, and say if you did not see meat "and drink enough there." JOHNSON. "Why, "yes, Sir, meat and drink enough to give the in-"habitants sufficient strength to run away from "home."

His negro servant, Francis Barber, having left him, and been sometime at sea, Johnson applied to the celebrated Dr Smollett, to endeavour to obtain his liberation from that service. Smollett succeeded, by the assistance of Mr Wilkes. Johnson said, "No man will be a sailor who has con-"trivance enough to get himself into jail; for be-

" ing in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance " of being drowned."

Of the remarks uttered by him in conversation, which are illustrative of his own character and sentiments, the following are examples: He remarked, on one occasion, that " Idleness is a dis- " ease which must be combated; but I would " not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan " of study. I myself have never persisted in any " plan for two days together. A man ought to " read just as inclination leads him; for what he " reads as a task will do him little good. A " young man should read five hours in a day, and " so may acquire a great deal of knowledge."

Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he said, " It is always easy to be on " the negative side. If a man were now to deny " that there is salt upon the table, you could not " reduce him to an absudity. Come, let us try " this a little farther. I can deny that Canada is " taken, and I can support my denial by pretty " good arguments. The French are a much " more numerous people than we; and it is not " likely that they would allow us to take it. But " the ministry have assured us, in all the formality " of the Gazette, that it is taken. Very true: But " the ministry have put us to an enormous expence " by the war in America, and it is their interest to " persuade us that we have got something for our " money. But the fact is confirmed by thousands " of men who were at the taking of it.—Ay; " but these men have still more interest in de- " ceiving us: They don't want that we should " think the French have beat them, but that they

" have beat the French. Now, suppose you " should go over and find that it really is taken, " that would only satisfy yourself; for when you " come home, we will not believe you. We will " say you have been bribed.—Yet, Sir, notwith- " standing all these plausible objections, we have " no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is " the weight of common testimony. How much " stronger are the evidences of the Christian re- " ligion?"

He said, " few people had intellectual resources " sufficient to forgo the pleasures of wine. They " could not otherwise contrive how to fill the in- " terval between dinner and supper."

Of Popery, he said to Mr Boswell and Dr Adams, " A good man may be glad to be of a " Church where there are so many helps to get to " heaven. I would be a Papist if I could. I " have fear enough; but an obstinate rationality " prevents me. I shall never be a Papist, unless " on the near approach of death, of which I have " a very great terror. I wonder that women are " not all Papists.' BOSWELL. " They are not " afraid of death more than men are." JOHNSON. " Because they are less wicked." Dr ADAMS. " They are more pious." JOHNSON, " No, " hang 'em, they are not more pious. A wicked " fellow is the most pious when he takes to it: " he'll beat you all at piety."

Of Charles Fox, he said, " He is a most ex- " traordinary man. He is a man who has divided " the kingdom with Cæsar; and brought it into " doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the " sceptre of George the Third, or the tongue of " Fox."

When the enmity was mentioned between Whigs and Tories, he denied its existence, unless in cases of competition. "There is none," said he, "when they are only common acquaintance, none "when they are of different sexes. A Tory will "marry into a Whig family, and a Whig into a "Tory family, without any reluctance. But in- "deed, in a matter of much more concern than "political tenets, and that is religion, men and "women do not concern themselves much about "difference of opinion; and ladies set no value "upon the moral characters of men who pay their "addresses to them: the greatest profligate will "be as well received as the man of the greatest "virtue; and this by a very good woman, by a "woman who says her prayers three times a day. "Our ladies endeavoured to defend their sex from "this charge; but he roared them down: 'No, "no; a lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily "as St Austin, if he has threepence more; and, "what is worse, her parents will give her to him. "Women have a perpetual envy of our vices: "they are less vicious than we, not from choice, "but because we restrict them: they are the "slaves of order and fashion; their virtue is of "more consequence to us than our own, so far as "concerns this world."

Mr Harris of Salisbury being mentioned as a very learned, and particularly as an eminent Grecian, Johnson said, "I am not sure of that. His "friends give him out as such; but I know not "who of his friends are able to judge of it." GOLDSMITH. "He is what is much better, he is "a worthy humane man." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir,

"that is not to the purpose of our argument: "that will as much prove that he can play upon "the fiddle as well as Giardini, as that he is an "eminent Grecian." GOLDSMITH. "The great- "est musical performers have but small emolu- "ments. Giardini, I am told, does not get above "seven hundred a year." JOHNSON. "That is "indeed but little for a man to get, that does best "that which so many endeavour to do. There is "nothing, I think, in which the power of art is "shewn so much as in playing on the fiddle. In "all other things we can do something at first. "Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give "him a hammer, not so well as a smith, but to- "lerably. A man will saw a piece of wood, and "make a box, though a clumsy one; but give "him a fiddle, and a fiddle-stick, and he can do "nothing."

As we are considering here the conversation of an eminent moralist, we may once more notice the timid and anxious manner with which he spoke of death and religion. Mr Boswell remarks, that on one occasion, at Oxford, in the year 1784, Dr Johnson surprised a stranger not a little by acknowledging, with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed with the fear of death. "The "amiable Dr Adams suggested, that God was in- "finitely good." JOHNSON. "That he is infinitely "good, as far as the perfection of his nature will "allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary "for good, upon the whole, that individuals should "be punished. As to an *individual*, therefore, "he is not infinitely good; and as I cannot be "*sure* that I have fulfilled the conditions on which

" salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one " of those who shall be damned." *(Looking dismally.)*—Dr ADAMS. " What do you mean by " damned?" JOHNSON, *(passionately and loudly.)* " Sent to hell, Sir, and punished everlastingly." Dr ADAMS. " I don't believe that doctrine." JOHNSON. " Hold, Sir; do you believe that some " will be punished at all?" Dr ADAMS. " Be- " ing excluded from heaven will be a punishment, " yet there may be no greater positive suffering." JOHNSON. " Well, Sir, but if you admit any de- " gree of punishment, there is an end of your ar- " gument; for infinite goodnes, simply consider- " ed, would inflict no punishment whatever. " There is not infinite goodness, physically con- " sidered; morally, there is." BOSWELL. " But " may not a man attain to such a degree of " hope, as not to be uneasy from the fear of " death?" JOHNSON. " A man may have " such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. " You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence " with which I talk; but I do not despair." Mrs ADAMS. " You seem, Sir, to forget the me- " rits of our Redeemer." JOHNSON. " Madam, " I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; " but my Redeemer has said, that he will set some " on his right hand, and some on his left." He was in a gloomy agitation, and said, " I'll have " no more on't."

Upon Johnson's talents, as a writer, it seems unnecessary to make any remarks, because in this respect his merits have been fully appreciated by the world. He is to be considered as a poet, a prose writer, and as a philologist. He indulged,

at an early period, the inclination for poetry, which, with or without a capacity, is so frequently found in young persons. The superiority of his efforts was such as gives reason to suppose, that had he persevered in that field of intellectual exertion, he might have proved a rival to the reputation of Pope. His first production of this sort, bearing the title of "London," was an imitation, as already mentioned, of the Third Satire of Juvenal, and of works of the same sort by Mr Pope. The vices of the British metropolis were substituted for those of ancient Rome; and Johnson appeared in the character of a severe accuser of the times. The "Vanity of Human Wishes," his next poem, was in imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. The subject was suitable to the character of Johnson's mind. The leading proposition contained in it is similar to that which Johnson, at a future period, illustrated in his Romance of Rasselas, that good and evil are ill understood, and that the gratification of human wishes uniformly terminates in disappointment. The last words of Juvenal's satire, which Johnson imitated, have been thus translated: "Let us," he says, "leave it to the gods to judge what is "fittest for us. Man is dearer to his Creator than "to himself. If we must pray for special favour, "let it be for a sound mind in a sound body; let "us pray for fortitude, that we may think the "labours of Hercules, and all his sufferings, pre-"ferable to a life of luxury, and the soft repose of "Sardonapalus. This is a blessing within the "reach of every man; this we can give our-"selves. It is virtue, and virtue only, that can

" make us happy." These poems, considered as didactic pieces, possessed great merit, and gained for Johnson a considerable degree of reputation. It is to be observed, however, as a singular fact, that Johnson's poetry, considered as such, appears greatly inferior in fire, in imagery, and in energy, to his prose writings. His tragedy of Irene is founded on the following story, related in Knolles' History of the Turks: " In 1453, " Mahomet laid siege to Constantinople, and " having reduced the place, became enamoured of " a fair Greek, whose name was Irene. The " Sultan invited her to embrace the law of the " prophet, and to grace his throne. Enraged at " this intended marriage, the Janizaries formed a " conspiracy to dethrone the Emperor. To avert " the impending danger, Mahomet, in a full assem- " bly of the grandees, catching with one hand," as Knolles relates it, " the fair Greek by the hair of " her head, and drawing his falchion with the " other, he at one blow struck off her head, to the " great terror of them all; and having so done, " said unto them, ' Now, by this, judge whether " your Emperor is able to bridle his affections or " not."—The tragedy, which Johnson formed out of that story, may be perused with sufficient pleasure as a descriptive poem; but it contains no vivid and discriminating exhibition of human characters and passions, brought into action by interesting situations. The description which he himself gives of Addison's tragedy of Cato, may without impropriety be applied to Irene. " It is ra- " ther a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a " succession of just sentiments, in elegant lan-

" guage, than a represention of natural affections; " nothing excites or assuages emotion. The " events are expected without solicitude, and are " remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the " agents we have no care; we consider not what " they are doing, nor what they are suffering— " we wish only to know what they have to say. " It is unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy."

Johnson's two great works, upon which his reputation chiefly rests, were carried on at the same time, that is to say, his Dictionary and the Rambler. The world was justly astonished by the magnitude of the first of these works, and the wonderful power of application which it implied, when considered as produced by an individual. Previous to that period, the French academy had employed forty of their members to prepare a dictionary to fix their language; but in Britain the task had been executed by one man, unprotected by Government, and supported merely by the enterprising spirit of a few booksellers in London.—This circumstance induced Garrick to write the following epigram

On Johnson's Dictionary.

TALK of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance
That an English soldier will beat ten of France:
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men.
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compared to Locke, Newton, and Boyle?

Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their pow'rs,
Their verse-men and prose-men, then match them with ours:
First Shakespeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight.
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope?
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope.
And Johnson, well armed, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more.

Though there exists demonstrative evidence that Johnson was capable of great application, yet his industry was not continued and regular. It was exerted with vehemence and earnestness, when called forth by occasions of necessity; but at other times he sunk into total indolence. This is apt to be the character of a man whose mind is not disciplined by habitual activity or the regular calls to industry, which an ordinary profession produces. As the employment of an author depends upon accidental speculations of commercial men, that is of booksellers, or upon literary projects formed by himself, concerning the success of which he may entertain on one day the most sanguine hopes, and the next may see just reason for doubt, his mind is necessarily left to vibrate between seasons of ardent study and of utter idleness. The occasions of study do not return to him at stated intervals, as to a lawyer, or even to a politician: He may be sometimes left in uncertainty whether they will ever return at all; and, what is worse, he will frequently labour without any sure prospect of reward. Thus habits of irregularity, of negligence, and delay, are produced, which are

apt to be augmented by indulging in the luxury of general reading, in the flights of an idle, but luxuriant imagination, or in having recourse to social pleasures, which are apt to render steady drudgery disgusting. After his great moral work, the Rambler, was begun, Johnson, for a time, was engaged in an employment which required exertion at stated periods, a circumstance which probably proved favourable to the progress of his Dictionary. The papers of the Rambler, however, as already noticed, and as he himself declared, were in general hastily written, when urged for materials by his publisher. The admirers of Johnson have taken occasion, from this circumstance, to represent Johnson as writing many of his productions with a celerity altogether unknown among men of letters; but the wonder is diminished when it is known, that, before making any effort, he wrote full, or, what may rather be called minute notes, of whatever he wished to state or inculcate. Several of these notes have been found, and published by Boswell and others; and from them it appears, that when Johnson sat down to write, his ideas lay previously arranged before him, so that he had nothing to consider, excepting the diction which he was to employ. In this situation, without any exertion of unusual talents, he might proceed with as much rapidity as an amanuensis, or as he himself could execute the mechanical task of writing.

It was in the Rambler that Johnson first filled his style with ponderous and high sounding words, borrowed from foreign tongues. He seems to have thought, that a peculiar solemnity of language was necessary to support the dignity of a

teacher of moral wisdom, which he wished to assume. He had previously written the life of Savage elegantly, but in a style free from ostentation. The mode of writing which he now assumed, therefore, must have been intentional, though perhaps the study of foreign words, to which he was become familiar in the compilation of his dictionary, might assist in producing the alteration. The morality of the Rambler has taken its colour from Johnson's mind, and is of a grave and melancholy cast; but from the serious temper which it has a tendency to produce, the perusal of it is probably more favourable to the production of the more valuable virtues than the study of the writings even of Addison, which are often expressed in a more cheerful and in a more amusing manner. But it is unnecessary to speak of the merit of a style of writing which gave a new character and tone to the English language, and became an object of imitation with so many men of letters. We have mentioned, among this number, the distinguished names of Robertson and Gibbon, and perhaps we might add to the list those of Blair, Leland, Ferguson, Gillies, Stewart, Parr, and M'Kenzie. This style may be considered as the medium between prose and poetry, or as an attempt to introduce into the former a large portion of the measured harmony and imagery of the latter. It is well adapted for moral discourses, or for works of imagination, to which its inventor applied it; but it encumbers history with a multiplicity of words, and the solemnity of artificial and measured sentences. It clouds scientific discussion by the introduction of imagery, or the admiration of

eloquence, which withdraw the attention from the steps of an argument, or the discernment of truth.

Johnson's papers in the Adventurer may be considered as a continuation of the Rambler. The Idler is written in a less elaborate style, and with less solemnity. It is perhaps also a less laborious production in point of materials. His Rasselas is undoubtedly one of the most elegant pieces of writing that has appeared in the form which it assumes, of an Oriental tale. Its moral object is to demonstrate, that a state of happiness is vainly sought in this world. It is a singular circumstance, that, at the same time at which English literature was adorned by the publication of Rasselas, Voltaire published the romance of "Candide, "or the Optimist," to illustrate the same moral principle. But between the licentious gaiety of the French, and the serious wisdom of the style of the English moralist, a mighty difference is found. It has usually been understood, that the history of the virtuous and enlightened Astronomer in Rasselas, was intended by Johnson as a sort of apology for his own constitutional melancholy, and to demonstrate, that it is possible for great talents and virtues to be united with a diseased imagination, not to be distinguished from actual insanity. The astronomer was learned, and pious, and beneficent; but he imagined, that for several years he had possessed the power of regulating the weather: the rain had only been permitted to fall, and the winds to blow, under his controul, and the sun had passed from tropic to tropic by his direction. This picture is truly affecting, when

it is considered as produced by a man who lived under the perpetual fear of the same dreadful visitation.

Johnson had obtained his pension before he executed his commentary upon Shakspeare. He had not diligence to fulfil all that the public expected, or that he was capable of performing upon such a subject; but it has proved the groundwork of most of the later commentaries.

Of Johnson's political works, and of his Journey to the Hebrides, we have already said enough; but of the former it may be remarked, that, in his Essay upon the subject of Falkland Islands, he introduced a severe attack upon Junius, and the public expected, with eager curiosity, a combat between these two champions; but, for what reason is unknown, Junius at that time retired for ever from the field of political controversy.

Perhaps the most popular of all Johnson's works is the Lives of the Poets, which may be called the child of his old age. They undoubtedly contain much sound criticism, connected, however, with personal prejudices, as in the case of Swift; with political prejudices, in the case of Milton; and with some peculiarities of taste, as in his dislike of blank verse, and of the poems of Gray. Men of letters in England had, before his time, strangely neglected to transmit to posterity the history of the most eminent writers, and Johnson has upon the whole done all that was then possible to supply the defect. Johnsons's memory was retentive, and literary anecdotes had always with him been a favourite subject of curiosity and of conversation. He was

therefore eminently qualified for the task which he undertook.

Upon the whole, when a candid survey is taken of the life and writings of Johnson, we can scarcely fail to be convinced that few men have appeared who have done so much good, and, at the same time, so little evil in the world, as himself. His talents enriched the literature of his country, and his eloquence was uniformly exerted on the side of virtue; and, even in politics, on the side of what we have reason to believe he accounted consistent with general utility. In his private life, he was beneficent and humane. His character was degraded by nothing that usually bears the name of vice, so that he never dishonoured the moral precepts that he taught. A certain degree of inequality of temper, and of vehemence of passion, may be forgiven to a man of a powerful mind, who had struggled with misfortunes, and in whom therefore the culture of a portion of pride of spirit might be necessary to independence of character, and to perseverance in exertion. It is certainly, however, a melancholy truth, that notwithstanding all his virtues, and the distinction to which he attained, Johnson did not pass a happy or a prosperous life. Few would wish to identify themselves with Johnson, or consent to live the life that he lived. His body was diseased, and the disease reached his general temperament, and depressed his spirit. There is reason to suspect that he married, for a sum of money of no great importance, a woman of twice his age; and it is certain that he speedily lost the money which he thus obtained. He for years maintained a hard struggle to gain a pre-

carious subsistence; and when a certain portion of wealth was obtained, a state of dependence accompanied it, which imposed upon him the necessity of hazarding his well-earned fame, while he undertook the drudgery of defending political measures. Even his best and happiest days were passed as a permanent guest, that is as a dependent in the house of a stranger. To the last, his hours were often embittered by gloomy apprehensions of that termination of our mortal existence, which nature enables the meanest peasant in his cottage to encounter with little alarm. Whatever superiority therefore Johnson possessed, renders him no object of envy, seeing it was so severely compensated by evil.—We shall conclude these remarks with stating a summary of his character, which seems to have been given with sufficient candour and impartiality, by Dr Jones. "He "possessed extraordinary powers of understand- "ing, which were much cultivated by study, "and still more by meditation and reflection. "His memory was remarkably retentive, his ima- "gination uncommonly vigorous, and his judge- "ment keen and penetrating. He had a strong "sense of the importance of religion: his piety "was sincere and sometimes ardent; and his zeal "for the interests of virtue was often manifested "in his conversation, and in his writings. The "same energy which was displayed in his literary "productions was exhibited also in his conversa- "tion, which was various, striking, and instruc- "tive; and perhaps no man ever equalled him for "nervous and pointed repartees."

" The great originality which sometimes ap-
" peared in his conceptions, and the perspicuity
" and force with which he delivered them, greatly
" enhanced the value of his conversation ; and the
" remarks that he delivered received additional
" weight from the strength of his voice, and the
" solemnity of his manner. He was conscious
" of his own superiority ; and, when, in company
" with literary men, or with those with whom
" there was any possibility of rivalship or com-
" petition, this consciousness was too apparent.
" With inferiors, and those who readily admitted
" all his claims, he was often mild and agreeable;
" but to others such was often the arrogance of
" his manners, that the endurance of it required
" no ordinary degree of patience. He was very
" dextrous at argumentation, and when his rea-
" sonings were not solid, they were at least art-
" ful and plausible. His retorts were so power-
" ful, that his friends and acquaintance were
" generally cautious of entering the lists against
" him ; and the ready acquiesence of those with
" whom he associated, in his opinions and asser-
" tions, probably rendered him more dogmatic
" than he might otherwise have been. With
" these however with whom he lived, and with
" whom he was familiar, he was sometimes cheer-
" ful and sprightly, and sometimes indulged him-
" self in sallies of wit and pleasantry. He spent
" much of his time, espescially his later years, in
" conversation, and seems to have had such an
" aversion to being left without company as was
" sometimes extraordinary in a man possessed of
" such intellectual powers, and whose understand-

" ing had been so highly cultivated. He some-
" times discovered much impetuosity of temper,
" and was too ready to take offence at others;
" but when concessions were made, he was easily
" appeased. For those from whom he had re-
" ceived kindness in the earlier part of his life,
" he seemed ever to retain a particular regard, and
" manifested much gratitude towards those by
" whom he had at any time been benefited. He
" was soon offended with pertness or ignorance,
" but he sometimes seemed to be conscious of
" having answered the questions of others with
" too much roughness, and was then desirous to
" discover more gentleness of temper, and to com-
" municate information with more suavity of man-
" ners. When not under the influence of personal
" pique, of pride, or of religious or political pre-
" judices, he seems to have had great ardour of
" benevolence; and, on some occasions, he gave
" equal proofs of generosity and humanity.—He
" was naturally melancholly, and his views of hu-
" man life appear to have been naturally gloomy.
" This appears from his *Rasselas*, and in many
" passages of his writings. It was also a striking
" part of the character of Johnson, that with
" powers of mind that did honour to human na-
" ture, he had weaknesess and prejudices that seemed
" suited only to the lowest of the species. His
" piety was strongly tinctured with superstition;
" and we are astonished to find the author of the
" *Rambler* expressing serious concern because he
" had put milk into his tea on a good Friday.
" His custom of praying for the dead, though un-
" supported by reason or by Scripture, was a less

" irrational superstition. Indeed, one of the great " features of Johnson's character was a degree of " bigotry, both in politics and in religion, which " is now seldom to be met with in persons of a " cultivated understanding. Few other men could " have been found in the present age, whose poli- " tical bigotry would have led them to style the " celebrated John Hampden 'the zealot of re- " bellion;' and the religious bigotry of the man " who, when at Edinburgh, would not go to hear " Dr Robertson preach, because he would not be " present at a Presbyterian assembly, is not easily " to be paralleled in this age and in this country. " His habitual incredulity with respect to facts, of " which there was no reasonable ground for doubt, " as stated by Mrs Piozzi, and which was remarked " by Hogarth, was also a singular trait of his cha- " racter, and especially when compared to his su- " perstitious credulity on other occasions. To " the close of his life he was not only occupied " in forming schemes of religious reformation, but " even to a very late period of it, he seems to " have been solicitous to apply himself to study " with renewed diligence and vigour. It is re- " markable, that in his 64th year, he attempted " to learn the Low Dutch language, and in his " 67th year he made a resolution to apply him- " self vigorously to study particularly the Greek " and Italian tongues. The faults and the foibles " of Johnson, whatever they were, are now de- " scended with him to the grave; but his virtues " should be the object of our imitation. His " works, with all their defects, are a most valu- " able and important accession to the literature of

" England. His political writings will probably " be little read on any other account than for the " dignity and energy of his style; but his Dic- " tionary, his moral essays, and his productions in " polite literature, will convey useful instruction " and elegant entertainment, as long as the lan- " guage in which they are written shall be under- " stood, and give him a just claim to a distinguish- " ed rank among the best and ablest writers that " England has produced."

POEMS.

LONDON:

A POEM:

IN IMITATION OF THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Written in 1738.

——Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? Juv.

[1]THO' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St David one true Briton more.
[2] For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?

JUV. Sat. III.

[1] Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.
[2] — Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, & mille pericula sæva
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female Atheist talks you dead.

[3] While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the seat that gave ELIZA * birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

[4] Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants even the cheap reward of empty praise;

[3] Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus.—

[4] Hic tunc Umbritius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis alliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities. ———

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no [5] staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with Nature's paintings gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some secret cell, ye Powr's, indulgent give,
[6] Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away.
And plead for * pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
[7] Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our † silenc'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

[5] —— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
[6] Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius istic
Et Catullus: maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt.
[7] Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.——
Munera nunc edunt.

* The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the houses of parliament.

† The licensing act was then lately made.

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives, your own.
To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heav'n:
[8] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the * Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.
[9] Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
[10] For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

[8] Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.—
[9] —— Ferre ad nuptam quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat norint alii; me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.
[10] Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius?——
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest.——

* The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

[11] But thou, should tempting villainy present
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe the scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
[12] The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
[13] I cannot bear a French metropolis.
[14] Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustick grandeur, or the surly grace;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;

[11] —— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas. ——
[12] Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.
[13] —— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem. ——
[14] Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politicks, import;
[15] Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
[16] They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
[17] Ah! what avails it, that, from slavery far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
[18] Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
[19] These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for aukward flattery.

[15] Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo Promptus. ——

[16] Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit, Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

[17] Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum Hausit Aventini? ——

[18] Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat Sermonem indocti faciem deformis amici?

[19] Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: sed illis Creditur. ——

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:
[20] Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
[21] How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
[22] Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

[20] Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

[21] Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum.
A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus. ———

[22] Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

[23] By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloke
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
[24] Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure a most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
[25] Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd * by SPAIN?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
[26] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:

[23] ——— Materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda & scissa lacerna, &c.
[24] Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.
[25] ——— Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.
[26] Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi, sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus. ———
——— Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio. ——
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.

* The Spainards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries, implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
[27] Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
[28] Should Heav'n's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;
The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
[29] With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

[27] ——— Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.
[28] Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres, ———
[29] —— Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti. ———

See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
[30] Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
[31] Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with Nature's musick rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

[30] ——— Meliora, ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus. ——
[31] Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic. ——
Vive bidentis amans & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.

[32] Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
[33] Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
[34] Yet even these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
[35] In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
[36] Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.

[32] —— Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas.——

[33] Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ.——

[34] —— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, & comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.

[35] Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit; clausis domibus, &c.

[36] Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ & sarcula desint.

Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose* ways and means support the sinking land:
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king †.
[37] A single gaol, in ALFRED's golden regin,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice, then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
[38] Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land:
[39] Farwell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the Wilds of Kent;
And, tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

[37] Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt una contentam carcere Romam.
[38] His alias poteram, & pluries subnectere causas:
Sed jumenta vocant. ——
[39] —— Ergo vale nostri memor: & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Elvinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convelle à Cumis: satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam calligatus in agros.

* A cant term in the House of Commons for methods of raising money.

† The nation was discontented at the visits made by the King to Hanover.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET * Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When Vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

* Ver 1—11.

* But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let Hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' Confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet † still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once ‡ more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:

* Ver. 12—22. † Ver. 23—27. ‡ Ver. 28—55.

Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophick eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
* Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;

* Ver. 56—107,

From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastick rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to seek beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
* What gave great Villiers to the assassins knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?
† When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And ‡ Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet, should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;

* Ver. 108—113. † Ver. 114—132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from Letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholars life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol,
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end *.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

† The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. LXVIII. p. 951, 1024.
† Ver. 133—146.

The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till Fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

* On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of Frost;

* Ver. 147—167.

He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

* All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry, counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
The incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

* Ver. 168—187.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend,

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But, unextinguish'd, Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;

New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprize,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

* The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.

* Ver. 329—345.

The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Fatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
* Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Enquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

* Ver. 346—365.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre Royal, DRURY LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart;
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame,
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.

Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet* may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the publick voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Convent-Garden Theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
For useful Mirth and salutary Woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

IRENE;

A TRAGEDY.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

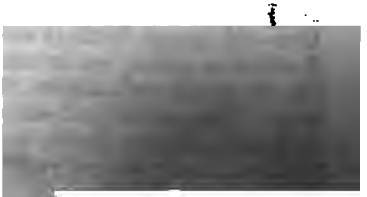
MEN.

MAHOMET,	Emperor of the Turks,	Mr Barry.
CALI BASSA,	First Vizier,	Mr Berry.
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkish Aga,	Mr Sowden,
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	Mr Havard.
HASAN, CARAZA,	Turkish Captains,	Mr Usher. Mr Burton.
DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS,	Greek Noblemen,	Mr Garrick. Mr Blake.
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	Mr King.

WOMEN.

ASPASIA, IRENE,	Greek Ladies,	Mrs Cibber. Mrs Pritchard.

Attendants on IRENE.



PROLOGUE.

YE glitt'ring train, whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solicitudes of dress!
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice, a moment spare!
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Pow'r,
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour!
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral for mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm; and vig'rous, though resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that Peace from innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound and idle show.
If truths like these with pleasing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine;
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing Wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, Beauties! though his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads,
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudise your heads.
Unmov'd though Witlings sneer and Rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust:
Ye Fops, be silent: and ye Wits, be just!

IRENE;

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS, *in Turkish Habits.*

LEONTIUS.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades,
And vent our suff'rings in clandestine groans?

DEMETRIUS.

Till breathless fury rested from destruction,
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain;
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
No more the glutted sabre thirsts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,
No soothing interval of peaceful sorrow;
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,

The last corruption of degenerate man!
Urg'd by th' imperious soldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns,
Pregnant with stores that India's mines might envy,
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

DEMETRIUS.

That wealth, too sacred for their country's use!
That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for freedom!
That wealth, which, granted to their weeping prince,
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates!
But, thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting Av'rice now too late discovers
Her own neglected in the publick safety.

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not misery.—The sons of Greece,
Ill-fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,
With false security beheld invasion.
Why should they fear?—That pow'r that kindly spreads
The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.
When publick Villainy, too strong for justice,
Shews his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?

When some neglected fabrick nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
Must Heav'n dispatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead, to warn us of its fall?

LEONTIUS.

Well might the weakness of our empire sink
Before such foes, of more than human force;
Some Pow'r invisible, from Heav'n or Hell,
Conducts their armies, and asserts their cause.

DEMETRIUS.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the pow'r of constancy and courage?
Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts?
'Twas vice that shook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
That froze our veins, and wither'd all our pow'rs.

LEONTIUS.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.
Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
And, weeping, kiss the venerable ruins:
With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to pray'r; and wander through the streets,
Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

DEMETRIUS.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now ghastly Desolation
In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;
Now superstition, ignorance, and error,
Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry palace bursts a mingled clamour,
The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright and wailings of distress.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Arose to heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name:
Dear hapless maid—tempestuous grief o'erbears
My reasoning pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia!

LEONTIUS.

Suspend the thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All thought on her is madness;
Yet let me think—I see the helpless maid,
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her!

LEONTIUS.

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

DEMETRIUS.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For Courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak Philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,
With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

DEMETRIUS.

From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow-saints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me:
In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams,
O! sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

LEONTIUS.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius:
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,
And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows:
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not:
But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new-sprung hope?

DEMETRIUS.

From Cali Bassa,
The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels.
He, tir'd of slavery, though the highest slave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

LEONTIUS.

Can he restore the state he could not save?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls

His kind intelligence betray'd their measures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour, a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, 'Awake, Demetrius,
'Awake, and follow me to better fortunes.'
Surpriz'd I start, and bless the happy dream;
Then, rousing, know the fiery chief Abdalla,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There, in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft' had practis'd fraud, and oft' detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equipp'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow-captives,
Selected by my care a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails
So small a force? or why should Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

DEMETRIUS.

Reserve these questions for a safer hour;
Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!
Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal:
If, chasing past events with vain pursuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A single thought now rove, recall it home.
But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,
The cause of liberty, the cause of nations?

DEMETRIUS.

Observe him closely with a statesman's eye,
Thou that hast long perus'd the draughts of Nature,
And know'st the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of Heav'n on human clay.

CALI.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great;
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?
Does adamantine faith invest his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

DEMETRIUS.

Sooner the trembling leaves shall find a voice,
And tell the secrets of their conscious walks;
Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
Your slaughter'd multitudes, that swell the shore
With monuments of death, proclaim his courage;
Virtue and liberty engross his soul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

LEONTIUS.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour;]
Consult in private, call me when your scheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the sword. [*Going.*

DEMETRIUS.

Leontius, stay.

CALI.

Forgive an old man's weakness,
And share the deepest secrets of my soul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs.—
When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,
Embroil'd the Turkish state, our Sultan's father,
Great Amurath, at my request, forsook
The cloister's ease, resum'd the tott'ring throne,
And snatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.
This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breast:
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts,
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch or the people.

CALI.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,
And lawless passion, hold the sword of justice.
If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied state;
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with every virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

LEONTIUS.

But say, great Bassa, why the Sultan's anger,
Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death?

CALI.

Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy
The empire's darling, and the soldier's boast;
But now confirm'd, and swelling with his conquests,
Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

DEMETRIUS.

What can reverse thy doom?

CALI.

The tyrants death

DEMETRIUS.

But Greece is still forgot.

CALI.

On Asia's coast,
Which lately bless'd my gentle government,

Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all the astonish'd empire with confusion,
My policy shall raise an easy throne;
The Turkish powers from Europe shall retreat,
And harass Greece no more with wasteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

DEMETRIUS.

That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thousand fatal questions birth:
Why stor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

CALI.

This hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;
Which granted, hides my purpose from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

LEONTIUS.

How can a single hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels enclose?

CALI.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.
A roving soldier seiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

DEMETRIUS.

In Sophia's temple!—What alarm!—Proceed.

CALI.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd:
In passion lost, he bade the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the queen of Turkey.

The pious maid, with modest indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

DEMETRIUS.

Celestial goodness!
It must, it must be she; her name?

CALI.

Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

What hopes, what terrors, rush upon my soul!
O lead me quickly to the scene of fate;
Break through the politician's tedious forms:
Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her.

LEONTIUS.

Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue?

CALI.

His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
At length rekindled his accustom'd fury,
And chang'd th' endearing smile and am'rous whisper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

DEMETRIUS.

These tedious narratives of frozen age
Distract my soul; dispatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from Heav'n restrain the tyrant?
Did interposing angels guard her from him?

CALI.

Just in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene;
Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,
Fear in her eyes, submission on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
T'o her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

LEONTIUS.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

CALI.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy caresses and with pleasing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and sooths him to delay.
For her, repose is banish'd from the night,
And business from the day. In her apartments
He lives———

LEONTIUS.

And there must fall.

CALI.

But yet the attempt
Is hazardous.

LEONTIUS.

Forbear to speak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

CALI.

Life.

DEMETRIUS.

Th' inestimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble,
When weigh'd with Greece, with Virtue, with Aspasia?
A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

CALI.

At least this day be calm—If we succeed,
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture.—
See! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;

Invest Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits:
Remember Freedom, Glory, Greece, and Love.
[*Exeunt* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,
And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene;
Irene steals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

CALI.

Why should the Sultan shun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breast against the force of love?
Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves
The warrior's labours and the monarch's cares.
But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca?

MUSTAPHA.

Those pow'rful tyrants of the female breast,
Fear and Ambition, urge her to compliance;
Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

CALI.

Soon will the unequal contest be decided.
Prospects, obscur'd by distance, faintly strike;
Each pleasure brightens at its near approach,
And ev'ry danger shocks with double horror.

MUSTAPHA.

How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate!
How will the bright Aspasia shine above her!

CALI.

Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our Prophet's law—

MUSTAPHA.

Heav'n will contemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatness, not of truth, inflames.

CALI.

Cease, cease thy censures; for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haste to seek his love.

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

Hail! terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unshaken be thy throne as earth's firm base,
Live till the sun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses!

MAHOMET.

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers;
For what is length of days without Irene?
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

CALI.

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good!

MAHOMET.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,

Swells the fair breast or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins;
Yet, unacquainted with these soft emotions,
I walk'd superior through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,
Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom?

MUSTAPHA.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intrusive duty
Enquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counsellor.

MAHOMET.

Go, see him die;
His martial rhet'rick taught the Greeks resistance;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[*Exit* Mustapha.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

MAHOMET.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul;
There let Aspasia, since my Fair entreats it,
With converse chase the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
At sight of female charms will glow no more.

CALI.

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Desires more pure, and other cares than Love.
Long have I wish'd, [illegible]

To pour my pray'rs for thy successful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,
And sink into the silent grave in peace.

MAHOMET.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,
Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,
Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey!
While fair Hungaria's unexhausted valleys
Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps!
Nor could'st thou more support a life of sloth
Than Amurath—

CALI.

Still full of Amurath! [*Aside.*

MAHOMET.

Than Amurath, accustom'd to command,
Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

CALI.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd—

MAHOMET.

For those who could not please by nobler service.—
Our warlike Prophet loves an active faith,
The holy flame of enterprizing virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,
And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion.
Shine thou, distinguish'd by superior merit,
With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
Till ev'ry nation reverence the Koran,
And ev'ry suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

CALI.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.

Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings,
Thou know'st not yet thy master's future greatness,
His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r.
When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore;
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.
[*Exeut.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

IRENE.

ASPASIA, yet pursue the sacred theme;
Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the Sultan's passion.
Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

ASPASIA.

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
And bar the passes of Irene's mind
Against returning guilt.

IRENE.

When thou art absent,
Death rises to my view, with all his terrors;
Then visions horrid, as a murd'rer's dreams,
Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue:
Stern Torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
And Anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

ASPASIA.

Since fear predominates in ev'ry thought,
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future mis'ries that wait th' apostate;
So shall Timidity assist thy reason,
And Wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

IRENE.

Will not that Power that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame?

ASPASIA.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
Instructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till, affectation ripening to belief,
And Folly frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

IRENE.

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate.
Thy soul by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
Soars unincumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aspasia, but her beauty, 's man.

ASPASIA.

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius,
Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valour set us free,
And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

IRENE.

He yet may live.

ASPASIA.

Alas! delusive dream!
Too well I know him; his immoderate courage,
Th' impetuous sallies of excessive virtue,
Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI *to* ABDALLA, *as they advance.*

Behold our future Sultaness, Abdalla;—
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,
Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.
Wouldst thou subdue th' obdurate cannibal
To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.

[*To* IRENE.]

Well may those eyes that view these heav'nly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings;
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

ABDALLA.

Receive th' impateint Sultan to thy
And may a long posterity of

The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world!

IRENE.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave? or can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to pow'r, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness?

CALI.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes,
No feeble tyrant of a petty state,
Courts thee to shake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The Sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range uncivilized from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of Nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise;
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

ABDALLA.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends;
Just as I mark'd them they forsook the shore,
And turn'd their hasty steps towards the gardens.

CALI.

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace:
Such heav'nly beauty, form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest!
Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

SCENE III.

CALI, *solus.*

How Heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with incessant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,
And towers and triumphs in ideal greatness?
Some accidental gust of opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabrick of presumptuous reason,
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks,
Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,
In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
In softy complaints, and idle protestations.

SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.——

DEMETRIUS

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid.—

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts and maturer counsels.

CALI.

My doom confirm'd, establishes my purpose.
Calmly he heard till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire:
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudest cries of Nature urge us forward;
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The pow'rful voice of Love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

CALI.

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?
Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits?
Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,
And listen eager to the rising wind?

LEONTIUS.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,

At once an hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And ev'ry voice was Liberty and Greece.

DEMETRIUS.

Swift let us rush upon the careless tyrant,
Nor give him leisure for another crime.

LEONTIUS.

Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste
Another hour in dull deliberation.

CALI.

But see, where, destin'd to protract our counsels,
Comes Mustapha.—Your Turkish robes conceal you.
Retire with speed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial smiles, and seeming friendship.

SCENE V.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

I see the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow;
These days of love and pleasure charm not thee;
Too slow these gentle constellations roll;
Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,
And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

MUSTAPHA.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
Beneath the load of business, and of years!

CALI.

Sure, by some wond'rous sympathy of souls,
My heart still beats responsive to the Sultan's;
I share, by secret instinct, all his joys,
And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither; let no rude intrusion
Molest these private walks, or care invade
These hours assign'd to Pleasure and Irene.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horror.
Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?
Can Cali dare the stroke of heav'nly justice
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting soul?
Was it for this, that, sick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and, fault'ring cry'd,
Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counsels?
Are these the counsels, this the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?
Confest?——

MUSTAPHA.

Confest by dying Menodorus.
In his last agonies the gasping coward,
Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful secret,
Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing.

MAHOMET, *examining the paper.*

His correspondence with our foes of Greece!
His hand! his seal! The secrets of my soul
Conceal'd from all but him! All, all conspire
To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain!

Our schemes for ever cross'd, our mines discover'd,
Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Detested Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,
Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason.

MUSTAPHA.

The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion;
But yet, great Emperor, beware of treason;
Th' insidious Bassa, fir'd by disappointment —

MAHOMET.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before th' assembled troops proclaim his crimes;
Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

MUSTAPHA.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of seeming innocence,
His bland address, and sorcery of tongue;
And, should he fall unheard by sudden justice,
Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

MAHOMET.

Cali, this day, with hypocritic zeal,
Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a statesman's goodness,
I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion.
Now let him go, pursu'd by silent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in some distant land obscurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,
Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
Disperse rebellion through the Eastern world;
Bribe to his cause, and list beneath his banners,
Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftness,
And arm the Persian heretick against thee;
There shall he waste thy frontiers, check thy conquests,
And, though at length subdu'd, elude thy vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my vengeance! No—My troops shall range
Th' eternal snows that freeze beyond Mæotis,
And Africk's torrid sands, in search of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him almost above the wond'ring clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence shall my fury drag him down to tortures;
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou dismiss the savage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

MAHOMET.

Suspend his sentence — Empire and Irene
Claim my divided soul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aside
For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded greatness of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark conspiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice since the morning rose I saw the Bassa,

Like a fell adder swelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch
In private conference; beside him stood
Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,
And stern composure, of despairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thought, at sight of me,
As blasted by my presence, they withdrew
With all the speed of terror and of guilt.

MAHOMET.

The strong emotions of my troubled soul
Allow no pause for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.
Do thou resolve: for see Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder gust of thought
Sinks like the sighing of a tempest spent,
And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.

[Coli *enters with* Irene, *and exit with* Mustapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchless beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,
Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion!

IRENE.

Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty state?
Must I for these renounce the hope of Heav'n,
Immortal crowns, and fulness of enjoyment?

MAHOMET.

Vain raptures all—For your inferior natures,
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of bliss, secure
Of total death, and careless of hereafter;
While Heaven's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

IRENE.

Why then has Nature's vain munificence
Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd to flatter,
That air resistless, and enchanting blush,
Unless the beauteous fabrick was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul?

MAHOMET.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace:
Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem; let female arrogance
Observe the feather'd wand'rers of the sky;
With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with musick.

IRENE.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet.
Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture,
Whence all the bliss and agonies of love?

MAHOMET.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted soul with empty bliss?
To want give affluence? and to slav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treasure and a waking dream.

IRENE.

Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted are our own;
Nor has impartial Nature's frugal hand
Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you.
Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason?
Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
The thirst of empire, and the love of glory?

MAHOMET.

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought (forgive, my Fair,) the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female soul,
Was but to choose the graces of the day,
To tune the tongue, to teach the eye to roll,
Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roses to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,

To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
To see new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile?

IRENE.

Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,
Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

MAHOMET.

O seize the power to bless—Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian;
Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

IRNNE.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!

MAHOMET.

To state and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.
Security shall spread her shield before thee,
And Love infold thee with his downy wings.
If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat;
If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring:
To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,
And e'en our Prophet's gardens envy thine:
Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

[CALI *enters with a discontented Air; to him enters* ABDALLA.]

CALI.

IS this the fierce conspirator Abdalla?
Is this the restless diligence of treason?
Where hast thou linger'd while the encumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

ABDALLA.

Important cares detain'd me from your counsels.

CALI.

Some petty passion! some domestic trifle!
Some vain amusement of a vacant soul!
A weeping wife, perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure,
Is this a time for softness or for sorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance shews a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

ABDALLA.

Must then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature,
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

CALI.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
E'en from the birth affects supreme command,

Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake,
Mix undistinguish'd in the gen'ral roar.

ABDALLA.

Yet can Ambition in Abdalla's breast
Claim but the second place: there mighty Love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

CALI.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event—But let us reason—

ABDALLA.

Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' instructive page of human life,
To cant, at last, of reason to a lover?
Such ill-tim'd gravity, such serious folly,
Might well befit the solitary student,
Th' unpractis'd dervise, or sequester'd faquir.
Know'st thou not yet, when Love invades the Soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
Or only struggles to be more enslav'd?
Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties?
Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason?
Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all because she hazards nothing!
Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that, to shun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port!

CALI.

But why this sudden warmth?

ABDALLA.

Because I love:
Because my slighted passion burns in vain!
Why roars the lioness distress'd by hunger?
Why foams the swelling wave when tempests rise?
Why shakes the ground when subterraneous fires
Fierce through the bursting cavernsrend their way?

CALI.

Not till this day thou saw'st this fatal fair;
Did ever passion make so swift a progress?
Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

ABDALLA.

Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream;
The subtler flames emitted from the sky
Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

CALI.

How did Aspasia welcome your address?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?
Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak;
When e'en as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast,
And smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.
[*Enter* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

CALI.

Now be some moments master of thyself;
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm—To disagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
And give the tortures of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope?
Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through their wither'd limbs?

CALI.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull security,
Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

LEONTIUS.

So weak is man when destin'd to destruction!—
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

CALI.

At my command yon iron gates unfold;
At my command the centinels retire;
With all the licence of authority,
Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to-morrow's action fix the scene.

DEMETRIUS.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,

To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

LEONTIUS.

The present hour with open arms invites;
Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
Who knows, if Mahomet's awaking anger
May spare the fatal bow-string till to-morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,
We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
Rouse, Cali; shall the sons of conquer'd Greece
Lead us to danger, and abash their victors?
This night with all her conscious stars be witness,
Who merits most, Demetrius or Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Who merits most!—I knew not we were rivals.

CALI.

Young man forbear—The heat of youth, no more—
Well,—'tis decreed—This night shall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the sky,
With cautious secrecy, Leontius, steer
Th' appointed vessel to you [redacted]

Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your soldiers arm'd, and sails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For speedy flight, or obstinate defence. [*Exit* Leont.

SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Now pause, great Bassa, from the thoughts of blood,
And kindly grant an ear to gentler sounds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of absence,
Or felt th' impatience of obstructed love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

CALI.

Let prudence, ere the suit be farther urg'd,
Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger.
A little longer, and she 's thine for ever.

DEMETRIUS.

Prudence and love conspire in this request,
Lest, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surprize o'erwhelm her and retard our flight.

CALI.

A little I can grant, you cannot ask in vain—

DEMETRIUS.

I go to wait thy call; this kind consent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life.
[*Exit* Demetrius.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

And this is my reward — to burn, to languish,
To rave unheeded; while the happy Greek,
The refuse of our swords, the dross of our conquest,
Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck,
Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast.
Is't not enough he lives by our indulgence,
But he must live to make his masters wretched?

CALI.

What claim hast thou to plead?

ABDALLA.

The claim of pow'r,
Th' unquestion'd claim of conquerors and kings!

CALI.

Yet in the use of pow'r remember justice.

ABDALLA.

Can then th' assassin lift his treach'rous hand
Against his king, and cry, remember justice?
Justice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Justice demands—but see th' approaching Sultan!
Oppose my wishes, and—remember justice.

CALI.

Disorder sits upon thy face—retire.

[*Exit* Abdalla, *enter* Mahomet.

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the Sultan bless'd with happy love!
My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures such as fire the Pagan crowds,
When, pale and anxious for their years to come,
They see the sun surmount the dark eclipse,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

MAHOMET.

My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion;
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

CALI.

With warmer courtship press the yielding fair:
Call to your aid, with boundless promises,
Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination,
That raises tumults in the female breast,
The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of show.

MAHOMET.

These arts I try'd, and, to inflame her more,
By hateful business hurried from her sight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.
[*Exit* Mahomet.

SCENE VI.

CALI, *solus.*

He's gone—Here rest, my soul, thy fainting wing,
Here recollect thy dissipated powr's.——
Our distant int'rests, and our diff'rent passions,

Now haste to mingle in one common center,
And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.
Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise!—
Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
Than all the wisdom of the grave divan.
Reason with reason fights on equal terms;
The raging madman's unconnected schemes
We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.
Deep in my breast be treasur'd this resolve,
When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
Too fierce, too faithless, for neglect or trust.
[*Enter* Irene *with Attendants*

SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

CALI.

Amidst the splendor of encircling beauty,
Superior majesty proclaims thee queen,
And nature justifies our monarch's choice.

IRENE.

Reserve this homage for some other fair;
Urge me not on to glitt'ring guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

CALI.

Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigour of the Sultan's justice,
We court thy gentleness.

ASPASIA.

Can Cali's voice
Concur to press a hapless captive's ruin?

CALI.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee

Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me choose a distant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, *attendants.*

ASPASIA.

If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,
Swell not thy soul beyond advice or friendship,
Nor yet inspire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,
Suspend awhile the privilege of pow'r,
To hear the voice of Truth; dismiss thy train,
Shake off th' incumbrances of state a moment,
And lay the tow'ring sultaness aside,
[Irene *signs to her attendants to retire.*
While I foretel thy fate; that office done,—
No more I boast th' ambitious name of friend,
But sink among thy slaves without a murmur.

IRENE.

Did regal diadems invest my brow,
Yet should my soul, still faithful to her choice,
Esteem Aspasia's breast the noblest kingdom.

ASPASIA.

The soul, once tainted with so foul a crime,
No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour:
Those holy Beings, whose superior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

IRENE.

Upbraid me not with fancied wickedness;
I am not yet a queen or an apostate.
But should I sin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuse,
The dread of instant death restrains my tongue?

ASPASIA.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds!
Are only varied modes of endless being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

IRENE.

If built on settled thought, this constancy
Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,
Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd softness on our limbs,
Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness,
Made passive fortitude the praise of woman:
Our only arms are innocence and meekness.
Not then with raving cries, I fill'd the city;
But, while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,

Implor'd th' Eternal Pow'r to shield my country,
With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

IRENE.

O! did Irene shine the queen of Turkey,
No more should Greece lament those pray'rs rejected;
Again should golden splendor grace her cities,
Again her prostrate palaces should rise,
Again her temples sound with holy musick:
No more should danger fright, or want distress
The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous ends pursu'd by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed:
That maxim, publish'd in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title;
Then Bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth:
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of Heaven.

IRENE.

Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happiness of mourning millions?

ASPASIA.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain:
When social laws first harmoniz'd the world,
Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,
The scale of justice, and the sword of power,
Nor left us aught but flattery and state.

IRENE.

To me my lover's fondness will restore
Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

ASPASIA.

When soft security shall prompt the Sultan,
Freed from the tumults of unsettled conquest,
To fix his court, and regulate his pleasures,
Soon shall the dire Seraglio's horrid gates
Close like th' eternal bars of death upon thee.
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul,
There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And sigh for cheerful poverty in vain;
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curse of unrelenting Heav'n,
Despair and slav'ry, solitude and guilt.

IRENE.

There shall we find the yet untasted bliss
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heaven,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,
Oft' shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

IRENE.

Go, languish on in dull obscurity;
Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal state,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

ASPASIA.

On me should Providence, without a crime,

The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,
Or bid soft Science polish Britain's heroes:
Soon should'st thou see, how false thy weak reproach.
My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

IRENE.

Ambition is the stamp impress'd by Heav'n
To mark the noblest minds; with active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
And ask, what guilty Pow'rs rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

ASPASIA.

Well mayst thou hide in labyrinths of sound
The cause that shrinks from Reason's pow'rful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And set the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtained by crime;
Angelick greatness is angelick virtue.
Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,
Will not the apostate feel the pangs of guilt,

And wish, too late, for innocence and peace,
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy state and agonizing pomp?

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

A Turkish stranger, of majestick mien,
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

IRENE.

Who'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy message, [*Aside.*
Thanks for this kind relief—With speed admit him.

ASPASIA.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us for ever;
When I am gone, remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.
[*Exit* Irene; *enter* Demetrius.

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis she—my hope, my happiness, my love!
Aspasia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, still the same—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze ——

ASPASIA.

Demetrius!

DEMETRIUS.

Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheek?

Why shoots this chilness through thy shaking nerves?
Why does thy soul retire into herself?
Recline upon my breast thy sinking beauties:
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

ASPASIA.

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful sounds
Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confusion,
A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul;
The present, past, and future, swim before me,
Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ecstacy of love, such pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

ASPASIA.

A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,
Demand a voice, and struggle into birth;
A thousand questions press upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

O say, bright Being, in this age of absence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers, hast thou known?
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd!
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain!
Say, how the hand of Violence was rais'd!
Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius!

ASPASIA.

Inform me rather how thy happy courage
Stemm'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,
And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death.

Did savage anger and licentious conquest
Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes!
And, thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O say, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

DEMETRIUS.

Such strange events, such unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,
Concur'd to give me to Aspasia's arms,
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

ASPASIA.

Sure Heaven (for wonders are not wrought in vain!)
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

It parts you now—The hasty Sultan sign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

DEMETRIUS.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

ABDALLA.

Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion;
She cannot, must not, shall not, linger here;
Prudence and Friendship bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die!

ABDALLA.

'Tis Greece, 'tis Freedom, calls Aspasia hence;
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part———

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part———

ABDALLA.

Dispatch; th' encreasing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my Fair, I cannot bid thee go.
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,
If Fate pursues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infus'd in vain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE. I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enters as talking.*

ASPASIA.

ENOUGH—resistless Reason calms my soul—
Approving Justice smiles upon your cause,
And Nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.

Yet, when your hand is lifted to destroy,
Think, but excuse a woman's needless caution,—
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,
Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance, from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and Virtue,
Then strike secure, and Heaven assist the blow!

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind assistant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

ASPASIA.

My soul, first kindled by thy bright example
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee.

DEMETRIUS.

With native lustre and unborrow'd greatness,
Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Those glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,
That spread their colours to the genial beam,
And sparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But, when the tempest with sonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,
Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this triumph—still new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.
Oft when the fierce besieger's eager host
Beholds the fainting garrison retire,
And rushes joyful to the naked wall,
Destruction flashes from th' insidious mine,
And sweeps the exulting conqueror away.

Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger spar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendship—
Abdalla!——

DEMETRIUS.

Can Abdalla then dissemble!
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour?

ASPASIA.

This open friend, this undesigning hero,
With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the cause of Greece restrain my sword,
Aspasia should not fear a second insult.

ASPASIA.

His pride and love by turns inspir'd his tongue,
And intermix'd my praises with his own;
His wealth, his rank, his honours, he recounted,
Till, in the midst of arrogance and fondness,
Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace;
Then, while he gaz'd upon his yielding mistress,
I stole unheeded from their ravish'd eyes,
And sought this happy grove in quest of thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,
Lest baleful discord crush our infant scheme,
And strangled freedom perish in the birth!

ASPASIA.

My bosom, harass'd with alternate passions,
Now hopes, now fears—

DEMETRIUS.

Th' anxieties of love.

ASPASIA.

Think how the Sov'reign Arbiter of kingdoms
Detests thy false associates' black designs,
And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,
When Heaven shall bid the swelling billows rage,
And point vindictive light'nings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger?
Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause!

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by Heaven,
Successful treasons punish impious kings.

ASPASIA.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waste
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry side confusion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beset the treacherous way with fatal ambush;
Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconstant,
Too much to fear or trust is equal weakness.
Sometimes the wretch, unawe'd by Heav'n or Hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The Bassa, reeking with his master's murder,
Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

ASPASIA.

How soon, alas! will int'rest, fear, or envy,

O'erthrow such weak, such accidental, virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortified by conscience ?

DEMETRIUS.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

ASPASIA.

Yet think a moment, ere you court destruction :
What hand, when death has snatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

DEMETRIUS.

Dismiss these needless fears—a troop of Greeks,
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the shore.
Borne on the surface of the smiling deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's stratagems.

ASPASIA.

Still, still, distrust sits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece ?

DEMETRIUS.

Should Heav'n, yet unappeas'd, refuse its aid,
Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,
Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt
Diffuse a brightness o'er our future days ;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canst thou support the woes of exile ?
Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,
To live obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence, and love ?

ASPASIA.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss.
O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the public ruins,
Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,

And thought the petty dross beneath a sigh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell;
Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue.

DEMETRIUS.

Submissive, and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the last award of Heav'n,
Secure of happiness from flight or conquest,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts
To kind Italia's hospitable shades;
There shall soft leisure wing th' excursive soul,
And Peace propitious smile on fond desire;
There shall despotic Eloquence resume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There Poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the Western world.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

CALI.

At length th' unwilling sun resigns the world
To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,
Propitious hours to stratagem and death,
Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not these hours as part of vulgar time,
Think them a sacred treasure lent by Heaven,
Which, squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No prayer recalls, no diligence redeems.
To-morrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king
Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on his throne;

To-morrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali
The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

CALI.

Then waste no longer these important moments
In soft endearments, and in gentle murmurs;
Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis love, combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumbering spark of heavenly fire.
Retire, my Fair; that Pow'r that smiles on goodness
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace!

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of separation! [*Exit.*

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
Will now remount the slighted seat of empire,
And shew Irene to the shouting people:
Aspasia left her sighing in his arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r;
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

CALI.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty
Now feast thines eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge
Reclines against the shore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring winds assist the great design,
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A single blow completes our wishes;
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

LEONTIUS.

Suspected still!—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dare join Leontius' name with fear or falsehood?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

CALI.

Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

LEONTIUS,

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils?
To wait remote from action, and from honour,

An idle list'ner to the distant cries
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords?
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall soar triumphant on the wings of Glory,
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius must descend
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools?

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave Leontius be the slave of Glory?
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praise;
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,
No records, but the records of the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,
While I destroy th' oppressor of mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius?
Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their cause,
My name shall echo through the shouting field:
Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,
The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

CALI.

Must Greece, still wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions!
Demetrius justly pleads a double title;
The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

LEONTIUS.

My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,
My soul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs!
All ye, whose blood tyrannick rage effus'd,
Or persecution drank, attend our call;
And from the mansions of perpetual peace
Descend, to sweeten labours once your own!

CALI.

Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Leon.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

CALI.

Far be such black ingratitude from Cali!
When Asia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur, shall be thine.

ABDALLA.

Is this the recompence reserv'd for me?
Dar'st thou thus dally with Abdalla's passion?
Henceforward hope no more my slighted friendship,
Wake from thy dream of power to death and tortures,
And bid thy visionary throne farewell.

CALI.

Name, and enjoy thy wish—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it;
Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,
Nor hope, nor wish, nor live, but for Aspasia.

CALI.

That fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius
Heaven makes not mine to give.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

Obtain her, and possess; thou knowest thy rival.

ABDALLA.

Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,
And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.
Nor will I trust th' uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the sword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour:
Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach
A surer passage to his hated heart.

CALI.

O spare the gallant Greek, in him we lose
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

ABDALLA.

When next we meet before we storm the palace,
The bowl shall circle to confirm our league;
Then shall these juices taint Demetrius' draught,
[*Shewing a phial.*
And stream destructive though his freezing veins:

Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,
And perish ere he taste the joys of conquest.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene!
The matchless fair has bless'd me with compliance;
Let every tongue resound Irene's praise,
And spread the general transport through mankind.

CALI.

Blest prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
At once the joys of paradise and empire,
Now join thy people's and thy Cali's prayers;
Suspend thy passage to the seats of bliss,
Nor wish for Houries in Irene's arms.

MAHOMET.

Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

CALI.

O! could the eyes of kings, like those of Heav'n,
Search to the dark recesses of the soul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treason,
By smiles, and oaths, and praises, ill disguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine.

MUSTAPHA.

Yet, ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,
Let prudence obviate an impending danger:
Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,
The hungry Janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle sabre.

MAHOMET.

To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth sun
Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouze to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then shall the Rhodian mourn his sinking tow'rs,
And Buda fall and proud Vienna tremble:
Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish pow'r,
And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,
To fix your standard in imperial Rome.

MAHOMET.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
To canonize the slaves of superstition,
And fill the world with follies and impostures,
Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
O, could her fabled saints and boasted prayers
Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of nations,
To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul,
And bid the master genius rule the world!
Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpose.
[*Exeunt* Cali *and* Abdalla.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still Cali lives: and must he live to-morrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

MUSTPAHA.

With cautious vigliance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Hasan and Caraza,
Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,
And wait your summons to report his conduct.

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.
[*Exit* Mustapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, *solus.*

Whome'er the hope, still blasted, still renew'd,
Of happiness lures on from toil to toil,
Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.
Behold him here, in love, in war, successful,
Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.
Ambition only gave her to my arms,
By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.
Ambition was her crime; but meaner folly
Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on falsehood,
And idolize th' apostate I contemn.
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,
O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

SCENE VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

Caraza, speak—have ye remark'd the Bassa?

CARAZA.

Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his steps;
His hair disorder'd, and his gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he stops, and inward turns his eyes,
Absorb'd in thought; then, starting from his trance,
Constrains a sullen smile, and shoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

Abdalla!

MAHOMET.

He wears of late resentment on his brow,
Deny'd the gorvernment of Servia's province.

CARAZA.

We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that concealed us,
An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great;
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treason level'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

MAHOMET.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private passage
Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,
Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt* Mahomet *and* Mustapha.

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

HASAN.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd,
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate sedition?

CARAZA.

Whate'er their scheme, the Bassa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.

HASAN.

What ties to slaves? what gratitude to foes?

CARAZA.

In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unresisted from the giant hand
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant crescent,
And dash'd the might of Asam from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blush to make it known,
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life—

HASAN.

Do thou repay the gift,
Lest unrewarded mercy lose its charms.
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When Heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain? [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE .

ASPASIA, *sola.*

IN these dark moments of suspended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country
Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful Virtue!
Attentive rise, survey the fair creation,
Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.
This calm, these joys, dear Innocence! are thine:
Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.
[*Enter* Irene *and* Attendants.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, *and Attendants.*

IRENE.

See how the moon through all th' unclouded sky
Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews
Revive the languid flow'rs; thus Nature shone
New from the Maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primæval spring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is sure the smile of unoffended Heav'n.
Yet! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aspasia stands—

IRENE.

With melancholy mien,
Pensive, and envious of Irene's greatness.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations—
But see, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Resumes th' imperious air of haughty Virtue.
Are these th' unceasing joys, th' unmingled pleasures
[*To* Aspasia.
For which Aspasia scorn'd the Turkish crown?
Is this th' unshaken confidence in Heav'n?
Is this the boasted bliss of conscious Virtue?
When did Content sigh out her cares in secret?
When did Felicity repine in deserts?

ASPASIA.

Ill suits with guilt the gaieties of triumph;
When daring Vice insults eternal Justice,
The ministers of wrath forget compasion,
And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

IRENE.

Forbear thy threats, proud Prophetess of ill,
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

ASPASIA.

Forbear! —But thou art sunk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion.
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry side
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye;

While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,
Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.
[*Enter* Demetrius.

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Fly, fly, my Love! destruction rushes on us,
The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

ASPASIA.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

DEMETRIUS.

Greece is no more; the prosperous tyrant lives,
Reserv'd for other lands, the scourge of Heav'n.

ASPASIA.

Say by what fraud, what force, were you defeated?
Betray'd by falsehood or by crowds o'erborne?

DEMETRIUS.

The pressing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla ——

ASPASIA.

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy—Oh curs'd Aspasia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country!
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece;
Oh, hide me from myself!

DEMETRIUS.

Be fruitless grief
The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to seize
The Breast where Virtue guards the throne of Peace.
Devolve, dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,
Whose fear, or rage, or treachery, betray us!

IRENE, *aside.*

A private station may discover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence:
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason.
[*Withdraws.*

ASPASIA.

Yet tell.

DEMETRIUS.

To tell or hear were waste of life.

ASPASIA.

The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,
And seize my sword with disencumber'd hand.

ASPASIA.

What cry? The stratagem? Did then Abdalla—

DEMETRIUS.

At once a thousand passions fir'd his cheek!
Then all is past, he cry'd—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

ASPASIA.

Why did you stay, deserted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa
Stood torpid in suspence; but soon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made resistance vain,
And bade his new confederates seize the traitors.
Cali disarm'd was borne away to death;
Myself escap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O Greece! renown'd for science and for wealth,
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away.

DEMETRIUS.

Though disappointment blast our general scheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call
The day disastrous that secures our flight;
Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.

[*Enter* Abdalla.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

DEMETRIUS.

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA.

It now remains to fly!

DEMETRIUS.

Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult;
Tell how Demetrius shunn'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre?

ABDALLA.

Infatuate loiterer, has Fate in vain
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefaction?

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive, my fair; 'tis life, 'tis nature, calls:
Now, traitor, feel the fear that chills my hand.

ASPASIA.

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

ABDALLA.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight;
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Once more I dare thy sword; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.

[Quitting Aspasia.

ABDALLA.

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,
And try the hazard, that has nought to stake;
Alike my death or thine is gain to thee;
But soon thou shalt repent: another moment
Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.
[*Exit hastily* Abdalla.

SCENE V.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

IRENE.

Abdalla fails; now, Fortune, all is mine. [*Aside.*
Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the Sultan
[*To one of her Attendants.*
Dispatch his guards to stop the flying traitors.
While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.
[*Exit* Murza.
This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*
Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

DEMETRIUS.

Behold a boaster's worth! Now snatch, my fair,
The happy moment; hasten to the shore,
Ere he return with thousands at his side.

ASPASIA.

In vain I listen to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love; my trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.
Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee;
Forsake a wretch abandon'd to despair,
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not struggle with th' Eternal will,

Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins;
Come, haste and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

IRENE.

Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

ASPASIA.

Oh! rather, scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,
Leave slavery, guilt, and infamy behind.

IRENE.

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd Virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd Vice shall tyrannize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and Heav'n and Hell.

ASPASIA.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness.

DEMETRIUS.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind Heav'n affords thee, and inviting Mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

IRENE.

Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns:
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

DEMETRIUS.

But since none knows the danger of a moment,
And Heav'n forbids to lavish life away,
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest.
[*Seizing her hand.*
Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom;
A galley waits us, and the winds invite,

IRENE.

Whence is this violence?

DEMETRIUS.

Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

IRENE.

Forbear this rudeness,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's Queen:
Fly, slaves, and call the Sultan to my rescue.

DEMETRIUS.

Farewell, unhappy maid: may every joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

ASPASIA.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Disease shall chace the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest prayer to pitying Heav'n!
[*Exeunt* Dem. Asp. *with part of the attendants.*

SCENE VI.

[IRENE walks at a distance from her attendants.]

After a pause.

Against the head, which innocence secures,
Insidious Malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of Heav'n.
Perhaps even now the lovers, unpursu'd,
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.
To guide thy passage shall th' aërial spirits
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams,
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue;
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,
Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remembrance,
And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!
Come, let us seek new pleasures in the palace,
[*To her attendants going off.*
Till soft fatigue invite us to repose.

SCENE VII.

[Enter MUSTAPHA, meeting and stopping her.]

MUSTAPHA.

Fair Falsehood, stay.

IRENE.

What dream of sudden power
Has taught my slave the language of command!
Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

IRENE.

Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness—
Who charges guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges guilt!
Ask of thy heart; attend the voice of Conscience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud resentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

IRENE.

Whate'er thy accusation,
The Sultan is my judge.

MUSTAPHA.

That hope is past;
Hard was the strife of justice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd.
Know'st thou not Cali? know'st thou not Demetrius?

IRENE.

Bold slave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'st them traitors.

IRENE.

Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondness for the Sultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan knows it,
He knows how near apostacy to treason—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I scorn and leave thee.
I go, lest vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood too mean to stain a soldier's sabre.
[*Exit* Mustapha.

IRENE, *to her attendants.*

Go blust'ring slave—He has not heard of Murza.
That dex'trous message frees me from suspicion.

SCENE VIII.

Enter HASAN, CARAZA, *with Mutes, who throw the black robe upon* IRENE, *and sign to her attendants to withdraw.*

HASAN.

Forgive, fair Excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue, that, forc'd by strong necessity,
Bids beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

IRENE.

What wild mistake is this! Take hence with speed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

HASAN.

Alas! they come commanded by the Sultan,
Th' unpitying ministers of Turkish justice,
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

IRENE.

Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?

What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment,
Aspasia now within her lover's arms
Securely sleeps, and in delightful dreams
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

CARAZA.

We come, bright Virgin, though relenting Nature
Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction;
When summon'd by the Sultan's clam'rous fury,
We ask'd with tim'rous tongue th' offender's name.
He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd, Irene.
We started at the sound, again inquir'd;
Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene.

IRENE.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has
wrong'd me?
What fraud misleads him? or what crimes incense?

HASAN.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his master's death.

IRENE.

Irene's chamber! From my faithful bosom
Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

CARAZA.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

IRENE.

Some ill-designing statesman's base intrigue!
Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,

Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
Recall th' extorted doom.——It must be so:
Confess your crime, or lead me to the Sultan;
There dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser;
Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, ev'ry change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[*Enter* Abdalla: *he stops short, and listens.*

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA ABDALLA.

ABDALLA, *aside.*

All is not lost, Abdalla; see the queen,
See the last witness of thy guilt and fear
Enrob'd in death—Dispatch her, and be great.

CARAZA.

Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,
The fraudful moments ply their silent wings,
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.
The raging Sultan burns till our return,
Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,
That thus you parley with detected treason?
Should she prevail to gain the Sultan's presence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;
Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge;
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

IRENE.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,
A little life, for grief, and for repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
And saw him skulking in the closest walks:
I guess'd her dark designs, and warn'd the Sultan,
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime;
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That thus constrain'd we speed the stroke of death.
[*Beckons the Mutes.*

IRENE.

O, name not death! Distraction and amazement,
Horror and agony, are in that sound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'rers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on some pathless shore,
Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
Let slav'ry harass, and let hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverse the sentence of the Sultan,
Our bleeding bosoms plead Irene's cause.
But cries and tears are vain; prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.
[*The Mutes at the sign lay hold of her.*

ABDALLA.

Dispatch, ye ling'ring slaves; or nimbler hands,
Quick at my call, shall execute your charge;
Dispatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

IRENE.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous Heav'n repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happiness eternal.

CARAZA.

The prayer I cannot grant—I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. [*Signs again to the Mutes.*

IRENE.

Unutterable anguish!
Guilt and Despair, pale spectres! grin around me
And stun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my prayers! accept, all pitying Heav'n,
These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life;
Nor let the crimes of this detested day
Be charg'd upon my soul. O, mercy! mercy!
[*Mutes force her out.*

SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA, *aside.*

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm.
Now shalt thou shine the darling of the Sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

HASAN *to* CARAZA.

Does not thy bosom (for I know thee tender,
A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy,)
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

CARAZA.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul;
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,

And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The stormy Sultan rages at our stay.

ABDALLA.

Frame your report with circumspective art;
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience;
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

CARAZA.

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why should he, whose violence of duty
Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

ABDALLA.

Perhaps my zeal too fierce betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission;
Perhaps I will not stoop to plead my cause,
Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

CARAZA.

From his escape learn thou the pow'r of virtue;
Nor hope his fortune, while thou want'st his worth.

HASAN.

The Sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Where's this fair trait'ress? Where's this smiling mischief,
Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

HASAN.

Thine orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathless clay.

MAHOMET.

Your hasty zeal defrauds the claim of justice,
And disappointed vengeance burns in vain.
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.
Was this the maid whose love I bought with empire?
True, she was fair; the smile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek—So shone the first apostate—
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,
Name for the scene of death Irene's chamber?

MUSTAPHA.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,
Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

MAHOMET.

Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!
There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods,
Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,
And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA, ABDALLA.

MURZA.

Forgive, great Sultan! that, by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message from Irene.

MAHOMET.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treason,
Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

MURZA.

The queen requested that a chosen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

MUSTAPHA.

The Greek Demetrius! whom the expiring Bassa
Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt!

MAHOMET.

A chosen troop—to intercept—Demetius—
The queen requested—Wretch, repeat the message;
And, if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,
Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,
Those trembling limbs—Speak out, thou shiv'ring traitor.

MURZA.

The queen requested——

MAHOMET.

Who? the dead Irene?
Was she then guiltless! has my thoughtless rage
Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of Heav'n!
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidst her kind solicitudes for me!
Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage. [*To* Has. *and*
Ye blind officious ministers of folly, [Car.
Could not her charms repress your zeal for murder?
Could not her pray'rs, her innocence, her tears,
Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error!
One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

CARAZA.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,
Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,
Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

MAHOMET.

What hadst thou lost by slighting those commands?
Thy life perhaps—Were but Irene spar'd,
Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd;
Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought
With half the grov'ling slaves that load the globe.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy woe! But think, illustrious Sultan,
Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Success and conquest now are empty sounds,
Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast;
Those groves, whose shades embower'd the dear Irene,
Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.
[Mahomet *goes back, and returns.*
Yet, ere I quit the sceptre of dominion,
Let one just act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of distraction,
[*Pointing to* Hasan *and* Caraza.
Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
Bear off with eager haste th' unfinish'd sentence,
And speed the stroke, lest mercy should o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

MAHOMET.

Hear, shall I hear thee! didst thou hear Irene?

CARAZA.

Hear but a moment.

MAHOMET.

Hadst thou heard a moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou hadst spar'd Irene.

CARAZA,

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

MAHOMET.

And wish'd—be still thy fate to wish in vain.

CARAZA.

I heard, and soft'ned, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

MAHOMET.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whose guilt, declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance:
Abdalla brought her doom!

HASAN.

Abdalla brought it,
While yet she begg'd to plead her cause before thee.

MAHOMET.

O seize me, Madness—Did she call on me!
I feel, I see the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He seiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And stopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My spirits fail, awhile support me, Vengeance—
Be just, ye slaves; and, to be just, be cruel;
Contrive new racks, imbitter ev'ry pang,
Inflict whatever treason can deserve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[*Exit* Mahomet! Abdalla *is dragged off.*

SCENE XIII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

MUSTAPHA *to* MURZA.

What plagues, what tortures are in store for thee,
Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave!
Behold the model of consummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

MURZA.

Such was the will of Heav'n—A band of Greeks
That mark'd my course, suspicious of my purpose,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me, till Demetrius set me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So sure the fall of greatness rais'd on crimes!
So fix the justice of all-conscious Heav'n!
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty tyrant king!
Who thinks us women born to dress and sing
To please his fancy! see no other man!
Let him persuade me to it—if he can:
Besides, he has fifty wives, and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry share?

'Tis true, the fellow's handsome, strait, and tall,
But how the devil should he please us all!
My swain is little—true—but, be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their errors blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to speak her mind.
I swear this Eastern pageantry is nonsense,
And for one man—one wife's enough of conscience.

In vain proud man usurps what's woman's due;
For us alone, they honour's paths pursue:
Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend;
Woman the source, the object, and the end.
Though wealth, and pow'r, and glory, they receive,
These are all trifles to what we can give.
For us the statesman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights;
And, when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR GARRICK APRIL 5, 1750, BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

Acted at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, for the Benefit of MILTON'S Grand-daughter

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times,
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or publick rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitious, catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.

Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring Muse her morning dreams inspire;
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestick life,
The patient fufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus, grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN, 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain:
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemick care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignify'd by Fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the satesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame

Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same;
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobler's vote."
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet, judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But, confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOUGE

TO THE COMEDY OF

A WORD TO THE WISE *.

SPOKEN BY MR HULL.

THIS night presents a play with public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage †.
From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
A gen'rous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment ev'ry claim appease,
And him, who cannot hurt, allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame be found,
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.

* Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author of the play), and her children.

† Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, a party assembled to damn it, and succeeded.

Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
When Pleasure fired her torch at Virtue's flame,
And Mirth was Bounty with an humbler name.

SPRING,

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife;
And Nature on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure with the laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain,
Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic * tyranny consigns;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Though rapture sings and beauty shines.
Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.
Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.
Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide—a father— and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

* The author being ill of the gout.

From false caresses, causeles strife,
  Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
  When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
Teach me, thou venerable bower,
  Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The gen'rous scorn of venal power,
  The silent grandeur of retreat.
When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
  Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
  I can't prevent, and will not share.
But lest I fall by subtler foes,
  Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
  And quell the rebels of the heart.

MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky,
  Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
  And wake them to the cares of day.
Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
  Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling air,
  And cheer me with a lambient light.
Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
  Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
  In showers its fragrant foliage sheds;

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let musick die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.
Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.
Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.
Let me when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,

AN ODE.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe
'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer-fruits desert the bough.
The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths, are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd with rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure, wanders there.
No more, while through the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.
From this capricious clime she soars,
O! would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.
Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.
What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?
Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour!
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.
Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo: shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.
Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And ev'ry bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER,

AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
  Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
  Nor gentle eve distils the dew.
The ling'ring hours prolong the night,
  Usurping Darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
  And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.
By gloomy twilight half reveal'd.
  With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
  The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.
No musick warbles through the grove,
  No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
  Through verdant paths now sought in vain.
Aloud the driving tempest roars,
  Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
  Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.
In nature's aid let art supply
  With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
  Light up a constellation here.
Let musick sound the voice of joy,
  Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
  And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor musick charm—though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.
Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower:
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!
Nor only thought the wasted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.
Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign thy heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frighted Love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.
In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with thy changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.
Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

To Miss *****

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET-WORK PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING *.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glitt'ring vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

To Miss *****

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD IN A ROOM HUNG WITH FLOWER-PIECES OF HER OWN PAINTING *.

WHEN Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,

* Printed among Mrs Williams's Miscellanies.

† Printed among Mrs Williams's Miscellanies.

Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound;
Ah! think not, in the dangerous hour,
The Nymph fictitious as the flow'r;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.
When charms thus press on ev'ry sense.
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on those regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And wisdom warble from her string.
Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well-accorded strife
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same;
Thy musick teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

EVENING: AN ODE.

TO STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the Queen of Night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow,
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades,
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella
Fix'd on earth, or gla

If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with less expence
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
I those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make, or more, or less.

To A FRIEND.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase Heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendships pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty—blest.
Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn! oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine
"Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,
"And let the goddess trust their eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the Fretful Fair,
And Fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But, brighten'd by the sable dress,
As virtue rises in distress,
Since Stella still extends her reign,
Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?
Th' adoring Youth and envious Fair,
Henceforth shall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The skies—"That Stella mourn no more."

To STELLA.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,

Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets, claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve;
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame, I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine;
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

VERSES.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE *.

WHAT hopes, what terrors, does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects, a lover's pray'r.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.

* These verses were first printed in a Magazine for 1768, but were written between forty and fifty years ago. Elegant as they are, they were composed in the short space of five minutes.

The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

To LADY FIREBRACE *,
AT BURY ASSIZES.

AT length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain;
Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;
For, such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a *Muse* and *Grace*.

To LYCE, AN ELDERLY LADY.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flatt'ring poets given,
Who shine, by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of Heaven;

*This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town. She became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000l.), July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyle; and died July 3, 1782.

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But, as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet, spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

ON THE DEATH OF
MR ROBERT LEVET,
A Practiser in Physick.

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

EPITAPH ON CLAUDE PHILIPS,

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN *.

PHILIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

EPITAPHIUM †

IN

THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri, è Peregrinâ Henrici
North

* These lines are among Mrs Williams's Miscellanies: they are nevertheless recognized as Johnson's in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her request. Phillips was a travelling fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

† At Hanmer church, in

De Mildenhall in Com. Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore et hærede,
Filius;
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti
Hæres patruelis
Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo et patrimonio successit.
Duas uxores fortitus est;
Alteram Isabellam, honore à patre derivato, de Arlington comitissam,
Deindè celsissimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam dotariam:
Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Foulkes de Barton in Com. Suff. armigeri
Filiam et hæredem.
Inter humanitates studia felicitèr enutritus,
Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.
Postquam excessit ex ephebis,
Continuò inter populares suos famâ eminens,
Et comitatûs sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus,
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta se accinxit:
Cumque apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire,
Sed *probè* perpensa dissertè expromere,
Orator gravis et pressus;
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude commendatus,
Æquè omnium, uteunque inter se alioqui dissidentium,
Aures atque animos attraxit.
Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ,
Felicissimæ florentissimæque memoriæ reginâ,
Ad Prolocutoris cathedram

Communi Senatûs universi voce designatus est:
Quod munus,
Cum nullo tempore non difficile,
Tum illo certè, negotiis
Et variis et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum,
Cum dignitate sustinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia quæ sibi in lucrum cederent munera,
Sedulò detrectavit,
Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ;
Justi rectique tenax,
Et fide in patriam incorruptâ notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civemque bonum decent, officiis satisfecisset,
Paulatim se à publicis consiliis in otium recipiens,
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus,
Honorificè consenuit;
Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,
Desideratissimus obiit.
Hic, juxta cineres avi, suos condi voluit, et curavit
Gulielmus Bunbury Bttus nepos et hæres.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE EPITAPH.

By Dr JOHNSON *.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at his tomb were HANMER'S ashes lie;

* This Paraphrase is inserted in Mrs Williams's Miscellanies. The Latin is there said to be written by Dr Freind. Of the person whose memory it celebrates, a copious account may be seen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the *Biographia Britannica*.

His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his publick toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the State;
In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne!
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.
This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour sated, and with cares oppress't;
To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestick worth:
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.
Calm conscience, then, his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till Nature call'd him to the gen'ral doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

To Miss HICKMAN*,

PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for universal reign,
Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain:
When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to despotic sway:
But when your music soothes the raging pain,
We bid propitious Heav'n prolong your reign,
We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.
When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.

* These lines, which have been communicated by Dr Turton, son to Mrs Turton, the Lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden name of Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr Johnson's life they may have been written, is not known.

☞ *The following* TRANSLATIONS, PARODIES, *and* BURLESQUE VERSES, *most of them extempore, are taken from* ANECDOTES *of Dr* JOHNSON, *published by Mrs* PIOZZI.

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way:
Is it business? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.

Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On her bard her dove bestow'd:
Vested with a master's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you see,
Weighty charge, consign'd to me:
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward;
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the lib'ral grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home;

Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed:
Now my better lot bestows
Sweet repast, and soft repose;
Now the gen'rous bowl I sip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers snatch his bread;
Then, with luscious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine, as courage springs,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drop asleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canst not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES

Written in ridicule of certain Poems published in 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new;
Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that time hath flung away,
Uncouth words in disarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

PARODY OF A TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

ERR shall they not, who resolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And, scanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the dome where Smoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round.
Summon'd the singer blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with duclet-streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
By quiv'ring string or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where sorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-enamour'd Mischief loves to dwell,
And Murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour;
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to musick's soothing pow'r.

TRANSLATION of the Two First Stanzas of the Song "*Rio verde, Rio verde,*" printed in Bishop PERCY's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. An IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glassy water,
Down whose current, clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian roll along.

IMITATION of the Style of ****.

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

BURLESQUE of the following Lines of LOPEZ DE VEGA. An IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa
O el de flaco averguençe
O ella di ser mas furiosa.

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines at the End of BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY. An IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona!
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty,
Always young, and always pretty;
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young, and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following Distich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the Comet in 1742 or 1743.

SE al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì———durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes disappear,
Comets! come ev'ry day—and stay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following Lines of M. BENSERADE à son Lit.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! où je nais, et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,
Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may shew
Of human bliss to human woe.

EPITAPH FOR MR HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death the attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines written under a Print representing Persons skaiting.

SUR un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas,
Le précipice est sous la glace:
Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface:
Glissez, mortels; n'appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid skaiter flies,
With sport above, and death below;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRASLATION of the same.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play;
O'er treach'rous Pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

To Mrs THRALE, on her completing her thirty-fifth Year. An IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five!
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of an AIR in the CLEMENZA DE TITO of METASTASIO, beginning, "*Deh se piacermi vuoi.*"

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teazing doubts depart;
He, who blindly trusts, will find
Faith from ev'ry gen'rous mind:
He, who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION of a SPEECH of AQUILEIO in the ADRIANO of METASTASIO, beginning "*Tu che in Corte invecchiasti.*"

GROWN old in courts, thou surely art not one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
Well skill'd to sooth a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship:
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou know st those arts which blast with envious praise,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne;
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit;
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
And only build upon another's ruin.

POEMATA.

MESSIA.

Ex alieno ingenio posta, ex suo tantum versificator.
SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ
Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta valete,
Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi:
Tu, mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
Sidereâ Isaiæ, dignos accende furores!

Immatura calens rapitur per secula vates
Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,
Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.
Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,

Dia salutares spirant medicamina rami;
Hic requies fessis; non sacra sævit in umbra
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
Irrita vanescent prisca vestigia fraudis
Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu! naturæ claustra refringens,
Nascere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deserti lætâ mollescunt aspera voce
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant, Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther,
Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus;
En! quem turba diu eccinerunt ethnea, vates
En! salvator adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, surdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutem spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen;
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:
Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli

Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria; pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, qua læta virescunt
Pascua, qua blandum spirat purissimus aer,
Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suspicit agnos
Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,
Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias tentabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messem,
Et seræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attonitti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo qua vallis sente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta
Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,

Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
En! formosa tibi spatiosa per atria, proles
Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
Barbarus en! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ!
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii; tibi balsama sudate Idume.
Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt; non posthac sole rubesce
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices reveliet; radios pater ipse diei
Proferat archetypos; cœlestis gaudia lucis
Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia desereт æquor;
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, solidique liquescent robora montis:
Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,

Lætaque Messia semper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

[Jan 20. 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri sanguine turgidos,
Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos.
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi.
Qua te laude, Deus qua prece prosequar?
Sacri discipulis libri
Te semper studiis utilibus colam:
Grates, summe pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

NUNC dies Christo memoranda nato
Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!
Christe da tutam trepido quietem,
Christe, spem præsta stabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis
Annue, Christe.

[In Lecto, die Passionis. Apr. 13, 1781.]

SUMME Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque creâsti;
Judice quo, scelerum est potuisse salus:
Da veteres noxas animo sic flere novato,
Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto. Dec. 25. 1782.]

SPE non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur solatium.

[Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783 *.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore Numen ‡
Hoc statuat ‖, precibus § Christus addesse velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa rogâsse ¶,
Qua solum potero parte, placere ** tibi.

* The night above referred to by Dr Johnson was that in which a paralytic stroke had deprived him of his voice; and, in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above Lines, and said, concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then that he deemed his discerning this to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it shewed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

† Al. tuæ. ‡ Al leges. ‖ Al. statuant.
§ Al. votis. ¶ Al. precari. ** Al. litare.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æterne magister,
Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
Respice quem subiget senium, morbique seniles,
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ,
Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

PATER benigne, summa semper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva:
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;
Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater;
Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia:
Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam:
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

[Jan. 18. 1784.]

SUMME Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga
Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,
Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.
Certa vetat dubitare fides, spes læta timere,
Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.

Da, ne sint permissa, pater, mihi præmia frustra,
Et colere, et leges semper amare tuas.
Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo secula, Christe, piâsti,
Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo!

[Feb. 27, 1784.]

MENS mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior hora,
In summo ut videas numine læta patrem;
Divinam insontes iram placavit Jesus;
Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.

CARISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

QUI cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,
Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec fastu tumidus, semperque futuro
Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,
Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.
Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,
Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui semper adesse
Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,
Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit
Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.
Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat servare tenorem;
Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Displiceat, servet tutum sub pectore rectum:
Nec nutet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia temnens.

Sed timeat semper, caveatque antè omnia, turbæ
Ne stolidæ similis, leges sibi segreget audax
Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte sua demens; nihilum decedere summæ
Vult Deus, at qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta reposcit,
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nisu,
Auxiloque Dei fretus, jam mente serena
Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

ÆTERNE rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator;
Felicitatis sedibus
Qui nec scelestos exigis,
Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet;
Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Christe, da mihi;
Ægrum trahenti spiritum
Succurre præsens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

LUCE collustret mihi pectus alma,
Pellat et tristes animi tenebras,
Nec sinat semper tremere ac dolore,
Gratia Christi;

Me pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi sanctus socium beatum
Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

SERVIAT ut menti corpus jejunia serva,
Ut mens utatur corpore, sume cibos.

AD URBANUM*. 1738.

URBANE, nullis fesse laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,
Cui fronte sertum in erudita
Perpetuo viret, et virebit;

Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
Vacare solis perge Musis,
Juxta animo studiisque fœlix.

Linguæ procacis plumbea spicula,
Fidens, superbo frange silentio;
Victrix per obstantes catervas
Sedulitas animosa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus emuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes opera camœnas.

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. VIII. p. 156; and see also the Introduction to Vol. LIV.

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.
Texente nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICH. FELDIÆ DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis
Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.
Nunc veteres duris perière securibus umbræ,
Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,
Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

[Post Lexicon Anglicanum ductum et emendatum.]

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut dixit, temuis pertæsus opellæ,
Vile indignatus studium, nugasque molestas,

Ingemit exosus, scribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus et acer,
Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum, [tum,
Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina va-
Gesserat et quicquid virtus, sapientia quicquid,
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo seclorum volveret orbem.
Fallimur exemplis; temere sibi turba scholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.
Quisque suum nôrit modulum; tibi prime, virorum
Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis,
Non mihi sorte datum; lenti seu sanguinis obsint
Frigora, seu nimium longo jacuisse veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.
Te sterili functum cura, vocumque salebris
Tuto eluctatum spatiis sapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terra discordia concors
Multiplici reducem circum sonatore magistrum.
Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Desidiæ sors dura manet, graviorque labore
Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,
Nunc loca sola placent; frustra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia lustro,
Si qua usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat,

Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci fœcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.
Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens
Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,
Nec sibi de gaza præsens quod postulat usus
Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce;
Non, operum serié seriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
Ipse sui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.
Quid faciam? tenebris ne pigram damnare senectam
Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM,

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prose-queretur.

FATERIS ergo, quod populus solet
Crepare væcors, nil sapientiam
Prodesse vitæ, literasque;
In dubiis dare terga rebus.

Tu, queis laborat sors hominum, mala,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
Te mille succorum potentem
Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpesque, languescisque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus satis est datum,
Exsurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti; vetustas,
Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quiquid habes patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
Amice, majorem querelis
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, March 8, 1771.

TERTII verso quater orbe lustri,
Quid theatrales tibi, Crispe, pompæ?
Quam decet canos male litteratos
Sera voluptas!
Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
Tene cantorum modulis stupere?
Tene per pictas oculo elegante
Currere formas?
Inter æquales, sine felle liber,
Codices, veri studiosus, inter
Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat
Gaudia gratus.
Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At seni fluxo sapienter uti
Tempore restat.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

PARVA quidem regio, sed religione priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cærula cursu,
Scire locus volui quid daret iste novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas cepit casa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum crederet esse deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet.
Mollia non desunt vacuæ solatia vitæ
Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ
Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet.
Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras
Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponti inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis
Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod sacrifici versavit fœmina libros?
Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est,
Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

SKIA.

PONTI profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem,
Skia, sinum nebulosa pandis!

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Insidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latescere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodest vagari, nec frementes
In specula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, utcunque jacfet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Æstuantis pectoris impetum
Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter;
Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus;
Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

ODE DE SKIA INSULA.

PERMEO terras ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurîque fumis
Fœda latescit.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor nostri, fideique solvat
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

SPES.

Apr. 16, 1783.

HORA sic peragit citata cursum;
Sic diem sequitur dies fugacem!
Spes novas nova lux parit, secunda
Spondens omnia credulis homullis;
Spes ludit stolidas, metuque cæco
Lux angit, miseros ludens homullos.

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS INSCRIBENDI.

PERPETUI, ambitâ bis terrâ premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

AD FOEMINAM QUANDAM GENEROSAM QUÆ LIBERTATIS CAUSÆ IN SERMONE PATROCINATA FUERAT.

LIBER ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

HORA perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

Εἰς BIRCHION *.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη πρώην χαίρουσα γεφύρας
Ἡρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,
Καὶ βίον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥίψῃς θανάτοιο βέλεσσι,
Σοῦ πόλις γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

* The Rev. Dr Thomas Birch, author of the History of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς Ἔλισσης περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Αἴνιγμα *.

Τῇ κάλλους δυνάμει τι τέλος; Ζεὺς πάντα δέδωκεν
Κύπριδι, μηδ' αὐτοῦ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῶ.
Ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὄναρ, θεῖός ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὅμηρος,
Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητοὺς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεν Ὄναρ.
Ζεὺς μοῦνος φλογόεντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῷ,
Ὄμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις οἴστὰ φέρει.

In ELIZÆ Enigma.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mæonides decendere somnia narrat:
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ.
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovisi.

---

† O QUI benignus crimina ignoscis, pater
Facilisque semper confitenti ades reo,
Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis;
Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

* The lady on whom these verses, and the Latin ones that immediately follow, were writen, is the celebrated Mrs Elizabeth Carter, who translated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.

† This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy; the first, of that, beginning, "O God, whose nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21st Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1st collect in the communion service.

PER vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
Numine præsenti me tueare pater!
Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur;
Usque regat gressus, gratia fida meos.
Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accintus ad omne
Mandatum, vivam sic moriarque tibi.

ME, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,
Quem mœstum et timidum crimina dira gravant;
Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente serena,
Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,
Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

[Dec. 5, 1784 *.]

SUMME Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit;
Quem nil vafrities peccantum subdola celat;
Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis;
Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice sordes
Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor:
Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet:
Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit!

* The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time; and eight days before his decease.

PSALMUS CXVII.

ANNI qua volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
Quovis sanguine cretæ
Gentes undique carmine.
Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
Omnes undique gentes,
Sancto dicite carmine.

---

*SEU te sæva, levitas sive improba fecit,
Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
Pone metum, rostrum fidens immitte culullo,
Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
Carpe diem, fugit, heu non revocanda dies!
Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducat eodem,
Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æstas,
Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!
Olim præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

* The above is a version of the song, "Busy, curious, "thirsty fly."

*HABEO, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

---

†E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO EXCERPTUM.

NUNC, per gramina fusi,
Densâ fronde salicti,
Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.
Hic, dum debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,

* These lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaster;" and which are as follow:

What I gave that I have;
What I spent that I had;
What I left that I lost.

† These Lines are a Translation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenser, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the last stanza, which, that the reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter!
Where in a dike,
Pearch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging,
We are still contented.

Nunc rescire priora,
Nunc instare futuris,
Nunc summi prece sanctâ
Patris numen adire est.
Quicquid quæritur ultra,
Cæco ducit amore,
Vel spe ludit inani,
Luctus mox pariturum.

---

*QUISQUIS iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
Speluncæ latè Thamesis prætendit opacæ;
Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
Crystallisque latex fractus scintillat acutis;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendit, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum;
Ingredere O! rerum purâ cole mente parentem;
Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
Ingredere! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum!

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

*The above Lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave."

Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis:
Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ; hic, Marmontî pectore prima
Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
Temnere opes pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Bas. Ann. 1549.

NON Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi esti, patria clara virûm.
Arte valent isti, mihi robo revivere solo est,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM passim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,
Labraque constrictus, semesos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge; tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos socio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

QUI, mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
Militibus; terris sit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

SIT tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adsit Homerus, adest etenim alter Achilles.

Br. 18.

AD Musas Venus hæc; Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne missus spicula tendat amor.
Hæc Musæ ad Venerem; sic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Br. 19.

PROSPERA sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat sordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Br. 24.

HORA bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus secula, parce bonis:
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.

Br. 24

NUNQUAM jugera messibus onusta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
Quod vitæ satis est, peto, Macrine,
Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

NON opto aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi
est,
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br 24.

TU neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere mensæ,
Nec probrosa avidæ grata sit offa gulæ;
Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collacrymansque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior unquam,
Sed Miliæ ridens, atque dolens Miliæ.

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale est mortalibus; omne quod est hi
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, invisas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut possis: rixisque dolisque
Perstrepit omne forum; cura molesta domi est.
Rura labor lassat; mare mille pericula terrent;
Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes;
Paupertas misera est; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt; cœlebs omnia solus ages.
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi est.
Rus ornat natura; levat maris aspera Lucrum,
Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cœlebs impediere minus;

Mulcet amor prolis, sopor est sine prole profundus;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.
Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,
Aut perisse; scatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

VITA omnis scena est ludusque, aut ludere disce
Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

QUÆ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera terras,
Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo.
Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo:
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, miserum,
Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris,
Hunc sequitur cœlebs; tertius, orbe, venis.
Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra
Quales sint monades, quà fit inane, sinas.

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicunque senex sibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.
Cum procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam,
Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.

GRATIA ter grata est velox, sin forte moretur,
Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.

SEU prece poscatur, seu non, da Jupiter, omne,
Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poscentibus abnue nobis.

Br. 60.

ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; restat lepori conscendere cœlum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce canis!

Br. 70.

TELLURI, arboribus ver frondens, sidera cœlo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propago, decus.

Br. 75.

IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

ANTIOPE satyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

ÆVI sat novi quam brevis; astra tuenti,
Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus: conviva Deorum
Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibis.

Br. 96.

QUOD nimium est sit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere priores,
Et melli nimis fellis amaror inest.

Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum;
Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid restat? quicquid habebis
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, prolesque pecuniæ curæ,
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

ME miserum sors omnis habet; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achœmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

Br. 156.

NON Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, hic bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

VITÆ rosa brevis est, properans si carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

PULICIBUS morsus, restinctâ lampade, stultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere definitis.

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius absimilis.

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, sed ispa canenti
Demophilo auscultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus palestræ qui vigil custos stetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus et ridens ait;
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus,
Dario magno non minus ille potest.

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Br. 214.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus eges? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent;
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.

Br. 304.

ET ferus est Timon sub terris; janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morsu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

VITAM a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc votis, flos hic pulcherrimus ævi est,
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

ZOSIMA, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas
Ingemine fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit,
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deûm.

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendans; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquit Olympum,
Atthide non allius desit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

CIVIS et externus grati; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

POMPEII.

487.

CUM fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

LATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

FORTUNÆ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre supercilium.

EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, sllente,
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

PULCHRA est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes si vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, servatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros
Per Trojæ flammas, densaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, si gratia desit,
Non tenet; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa strepit.

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, struxit
Quæ lyra, quam sibi non concinit harmonia!

MENTE senex olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda senex.

Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuere seni.

EXCEPTÆ hospitio musæ, tribuere libello
Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

STELLA mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

CLARA Cheroneæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc statuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus passibus ire duces;
Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam
Non poterat, regio non tulit ulla parem.

DAT tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipse tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

PROLEM Hippi et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque sororem
Fecerunt nulli sors titulique gravem.

CECRÓPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis.
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus,
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
Sint Demosthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.

FLORIBUS in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
Cum violis; spirant lilia mista rosis.
His redimita comas, mores depone superbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

MUREM Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi?
Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

SÆPE tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis eras.
Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam!

ARTI ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc opē, supplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei
Munera muneribus, si retulere fabri.

ILLA triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrire peritam
Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami;
Blandam lanifici sociam sine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

DICITE, Causidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

SI forsan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

EPICTETI.

ME, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
Quo, lege vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,
Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

E THEOCRITO.

POETA, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor:
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193—203.

NON immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm vœcors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis jussere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus claris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit
Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
Sat lætitiâ sine subsidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

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* Τοῖος Ἄρης βριθολοιγὸς ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι μάχηνται
Καὶ τοῖος, Παφίην πλῆξιν ἐρωῒς θεάν.

* The above is a version of a Latin Epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough by the Abbé Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis:
Haud alio, Cypriam percurit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

SEPTEM ÆTATES.

PRIMA parit terras ætas, siccatque secunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta supersit;
Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

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*HIS Tempelmanni numeris descripseris orbem
[1]Cum sex centuriis Judæo millia septem.
Myrias [2]Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.
Myrias adsciscit sibi nonagesima septem
Imperium qua Turca[3] ferox exercet iniquum.

*To the above Lines (which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in the Doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not quite so exactly done.—For the convenience of the Reader, it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's works, to that in Dr Johnson's verses which refers to it.

[1] In this first article that is versified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

[2] The square miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

[3] The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 square miles.

Undecies binas decadas et millia septem
Sortitur[4] Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
Myriadas decies septem numerare jubebit
Pastor[4] Arabs: decies octo sibi Persa[4] requisit.
Myriades sibi pulchra duas, duo millia poscit
Parthenope[4]. [5]Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.
[6]Papa suo regit imperio ter millia quinque.
Cum sex centuriis numerat sex millia Tuscus[7].
Centuriâ Ligures[8] augent duo millia quartâ.
Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca[9] secundæ.
Ut dicas, spatiis quam latis imperet orbi
[10]Russia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:
[11]Sardiniam cum sexcentis sex millia complent.
Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra [12] colendas.
Vult sibi vicenas millesima myrias addi,
Vicenis quinas, Asiam [13] metata celebrem.

[4] In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnson's verses are alike.—We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be set down at 7,220 square miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Persia, at 800,000.—and Naples, at 22,000.

[5] Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

[6] The Pope's dominions, at 14,868.

[7] Tuscany, at 6,640.

[8] Genoa, in Templeman, as in Johnson likewise, is set down at 2,400.

[9] Lucca, at 286.

[10] The Russian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,303,485 square miles.

[11] Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewise in Johnson, 6,600.

[12] The habitable world, in Templeman is computed, in square miles, at 30,666,806 square miles.

[13] Asia, at 10,257,487.

Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit
Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa [14] doctæ.
Myriadas septem decies Europa [15] ducentis
Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.
Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia sexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis [16].
Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque [17] Anglia nectit
Millia myriadi septem fœcunda secundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne [18],
Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget
Millia Belga [19] novem.
Ter sex centurias Hollandia [19] jactat opima
Undecimum Camber [19] vult septem millibus addi.

[14] Africa, at 8,506,208.
[15] Europe, at 2,749,349,
[16] The British dominions, at 105,634.
[17] England, as likewise in Johnson's expression of the number, at 49,450.
[18] Ireland, at 27,457.
[19] In the three remaining instances, which make the whole that Dr Johnson appears to have rendered into Latin verse, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with those of Templeman; who makes the square miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

fin.